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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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CHURCH UNION.

"The boasted peaceableness about questions of faith too often proceeds from a superficial temper, and not seldom from a supercilious disdain of whatever has no marketable use or value, and from indifference to religion itself. Tolerance is an herb of spontaneous growth, in the soil of indifference; but the weed has none of the virtues of the medicinal plant, reared by humility in the garden of zeal. Those who regard religions as matters of taste may consistently include all religious differences in the old adage, *'De gustibus non est disputandum.'*" And many there be among those of Galileo's temper who care for none of these things, and who account all questions of religion, as he did, but matter of words and names. And by this all religions may agree together. But that were not a natural union, produced by the active heat of the Spirit, but a confusion rather, arising from the want of it; not a knitting together—but a freezing together, as cold congregates all bodies, however heterogeneous, sticks, stones and water; but heat makes first a separation of different things, and then unites those that are of the same nature."—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Aids to Reflection, Aphorism XXVI.*

The above thoughts are suggestive of some considerations bearing upon the much mooted subject of union, which is making its appeals to the American Board and to the churches under its patronage in Japan. We as Congregationalists believe that in the Apostolic Church there was no prelate, no judicature, no external government; that the church was composed of persons who owed spiritual allegiance to Christ, their spiritual Head, and who, under his spiritual supremacy, enacted no laws, instituted no courts, and delegated no power to any human tribunal to coerce or externally assert authority over the brethren.

All convocations and councils looking to the mutual advantage of the churches in the work of spreading the gospel were moved by the Holy Ghost to come together, and by adding each the light of his own experience and wisdom to intensify the focal light of the whole body, and in return to receive into his own soul, by the law of spiritual reciprocity, in larger measure the blessings of the gospel of peace. The Church was an organic body, but its organism was spiritual, which recognized no ruler but Christ, and no obedience that could by any possibility be construed into merit but the obedience of the heart. Names that now designate the subdivisions of the Church are all of them modern inventions. Not one of them was then known. And no less the politics that distinguish the several subdivisions of the modern Church. This will, of course, be disputed by the advocates of Episcopacy of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as held by the Presbyterian Church, and by sticklers for other forms of organization. But this is the belief of Congregationalists, which two hundred years of learned discussion on the other side has not shaken, and which no argument, however plausible, can ever shake. It is the essential plank in our ecclesiastical that "whom Christ has made free, is free indeed," and that no external human court or sovereign, be he pope, cardinal, bishop or priest, can by any religious right assert authority over him. Those truths being admitted (and Congregationalists can act in the light of no other without disavowing the fundamental principle of their faith)—this being admitted, I am prepared to prescribe common ground of union, whether in Japan or elsewhere, I do not understand etymologically the ecclesiastical terms used in Japan to designate the *modus operandi* under the proposed change, and I have no criticism to offer upon those terms.

If they indicate my plan I will, and every Congregationalist will, say amen to it. But if they indicate church judicatory in any of its forms, how is it possible for us to be elements in the union otherwise than by the congealing process which, as Coleridge says, freezes water, sticks and stones into a united body. This, then, is my plan. Let Congregationalists declare their distinctive name forever obsolete from the Japanese tongue. Let Presbyterians, and any other Church that wishes to be a party to the union, do the same. Let the Japanese Christians be reorganized into a Christian church "on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in which all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord, in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

Let the converts from heathenism be taught the absolute, unbridled autonomy of the regenerated will, by which, under the ever-present co-operation of the Divine will, he is expected to govern himself; that in external matters he is

subject always to the powers that be, but in spiritual matters he knows no master but Christ. Let the church be constructed upon the simplest form of democratic organization, and in all its representative convocations, without assuming the functions of legislation, confine itself exclusively to questions that relate to the spiritual progress of the people.

Such a union would, I am sure, be congenial to the feelings of all Congregationalists, and would soon grow into general popularity among the native Christians of whatever denomination. But if it be proposed to the Congregational churches to bury their spiritual freedom and affiliate with a Church claiming legislative and judicial prerogatives, with its courts of original and appellate jurisdiction, "then the union, if assented to nominally, will not be a natural union, produced by the heat of the spirit, but a confusion rather; not a knitting together, but a freezing together"—with all which Congregationalists can have no sympathy.

C. A. HUNTINGTON.

JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURE.

Mr. Cook said: "Four new States have now so increased the weight of the North, that I hope that the country is forever free from its Southern masters. Our Pacific seaboard is now fully organized. The vast enthusiasm of Webster was roused to a white heat by merely a glimpse of what we have seen. The frontier is disappearing in the United States. We have the Mormon monster in Utah, with its two horns, Idaho and Wyoming. Owing to the Mormon influence in Idaho and Arizona, I think it would be unsafe to admit those Territories to the Union, or New Mexico, owing to the dominance in the latter Territory of Jesuitical influence. I assume that the eight new Senators who will represent the four new States will be Republicans. This will tend to continue the dominance of the Republican party in national politics. This may not be an unmixed good, but I am coming to that presently. "Prof. Bryce claims that we do not fix responsibility in our government; we are deemed too good-natured in little things. For the next four years, with the four new States added, the Republican party will be responsible. That is what I am coming to. If during the next four years there continues to be seven millions of people disfranchised in the South, and the Mormon hierarchy continues to trample on the laws of the country, and the whiskey rings continue to increase in influence, the party in power will be held responsible, and that correctly."

"Within a few weeks four States will have voted on a constitutional prohibition amendment. Hitherto the two political parties have been so evenly balanced that both have truckled to the whiskey ring. I am not sure but that with the four new States the Republican party can remain in the saddle without the State of New York. I have travelled in Iowa, Kansas, and in Maine, and have no doubt as to the possibility of the enforcement of a prohibitory law. It is true that liquor is still sold quite freely in the larger cities of Maine, but there is not a legalized dram shop in the State. Is not that a great gain? We need law and order leagues. They originated in Boston, and the mother tree has cast down branches that have grown up in every State in the Union. If the constitutional prohibition amendment is defeated after being submitted by Republican votes to the people, it will be by Republican votes at the polls, and the people will know where to place the responsibility. May God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

He further said: "A few Sundays ago a letter was read from Pope Leo in the Catholic churches assailing the priceless system of the public schools. A letter from the Pope to Catholics is no light thing. Abraham Lincoln, in speaking of a letter written by Pope Pius to Jefferson Davis shortly after the breaking out of the rebellion, said that 'it had sharpened a million daggers against me.' If such was the effect of a letter from the Pope touching only indirectly on a great national contest, what will be the effect of such a letter as was written by Pope Leo on the public schools? " [Mr. Cook here read the letter.] "I am not an alarmist; on the contrary, I believe we are coming out of this struggle all right. What I ask of you is see that there is sent through Congress a constitutional amendment as advocated by Senator Edmunds—one providing that there shall be no division of the school fund for sectarian purposes, that there shall be no state church established, and that the reading of the Bible shall not be prohibited in the public schools. But the Pope opposes the first and second of these provisions, and the non-secularists the third. Prof. Hitchcock of New York was right in his statement that the Roman Catholic bugles in front of us were not more dangerous than the atheistical bugles behind us. We are in danger of being stabbed in the back by the secular press. The next step I expect to

see taken will be the Catholic clergy advising their parishioners to refuse their votes to any candidates who will not pledge themselves to a division of the school fund. The next step after that will be a refusal to pay taxes for the support of public schools. I would not be surprised to see enacted in this country some of the scenes of violence that have disgraced Ireland. There may be violent resistance offered to the authorities and bloodshed in the streets. Then the Roman Catholic authorities will say, as they have said in Europe, We alone can suppress violence and we will not do it unless we have our own way. The next step in the programme will be the uniting of the church and state. In case the Roman Catholic clergy can accomplish this, no other religion will be tolerated. No compromise with this clerical party can be accomplished without the destruction of our historical common school system."

Mr. Cook gave some of the journals of Boston an inverted blessing for calling his positions "eccentric," when they fail to give to their readers any intelligent idea of what his positions are.

The "Hub" still moves my dear Pacific and I bid you adieu.

S. A. C.

FROM EASTERN OREGON.

The *Christian Union* of New York recently referred to mistakes in the typography of the Bible. The impression of the article made in my mind was that, in the opinion of that journal, there are no typographical errors in our English Bible. I believe that opinion to be correct, with the exception of one simple instance, to which I desire to call notice. The mistake is seen to be of importance when one remembers the care with which the different names of God are used in the Scriptures, and the importance of our preserving the record of that case in our version. The way the English translators did this in case of the name of Jehovah is, as is probably well known, by printing the word thus: LORD. Once, and I think once only, is an error made in this typography, namely at Isaiah x: 16, corrected in the new version thus: "the Lord, the Lord of hosts," from "the Lord, the Lord of hosts." The mistake is conspicuous, as I believe, in all instances where God is called the Lord of hosts; it is Jehovah of hosts in the original.

The correction is important because "the Lord of hosts" means simply that God is ruler of hosts, while "the LORD of hosts" means that our God is the Saviour of hosts, as Jehovah is now understood to be God's covenant or redemption name.

I wrote thus to the *Christian Union*, minus explanations, but they have not seen fit to publish the correction. It is of value at least for calling our attention to the care with which God's names are used in the Scripture.

Preparations for the Mid-Columbia Association's May meeting in Pendleton are being pushed as rapidly as the Committee is able. We cannot prophesy a large, but we do hope for a lively and profitable gathering.

Six united with our church here at the March communion, of which five were by confession. The prayer-meeting is growing slowly in numbers; last week eleven were present. This is growth, though yet the "day of small things."

Our Home Mission quarterly offering has risen to \$36.50. Behold what God hath wrought! We gratefully say the new Presbyterian church here is almost finished. It is to be dedicated soon.

The new M. E. South church has fallen into some lack of funds, and so is delayed in their building. When their is completed we shall have six nice Protestant church buildings where the different classes of our town's people may hear the Word of Life. Each of these churches is harmonious in feeling with the rest, and each is a strength in the warfare we're waging with unbelief here.

POMONA COLLEGE.

Of all the educational institutions in Southern California the one needing and worthy of the special attention of Congregationalists and of new settlers is the College at Pomona, being most successfully established by the devoted toils of Rev. C. B. Sumner. At present the fifty students occupy temporarily a spacious building called Claremont Hall, where the writer of this had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Norton. This edifice will ultimately be used as a preparatory school. Mr. Sumner has selected a beautiful spot as the site of the College, and already the foundations thereof are laid broad, strong and deep, and while the outlook thence is one of nature's loveliest, the vista into the future is equally attractive. A large increase of pupils is expected next term and Congregationalists and others cannot do better than give it a most generous support, of which it is indeed worthy.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, April 3d, at 2:30 P. M. Meeting of Executive Committee at 1:30 P. M.

LETTER FROM MISS GUNNISON.

MATSUYAMA, Japan, Dec. 14, 1888.
Dear Friends: Since I laid my pen aside the days have been very full with various duties, such as studying, teaching, calling, entertaining and meeting. My Thanksgiving was spent in Hiroshima, a city about forty miles from here, and directly north across the inland sea. The journey there was a very tedious one, occupying five hours on a miserable little steamboat, hardly large enough for anything but a toy; but the discomforts of the journey may well be forgotten among the many enjoyments of that happy Thanksgiving day.

The time for my return to Kobe is very near now, and while I look forward with pleasure to the reunion with those dear friends with whom I have worked for three years, yet it is with a feeling of sadness that I think of leaving Matsuyama. I have fully decided in my own heart, after earnest prayer, to make this place my permanent field of labor unless God shall show me in the future that it is not his will. On my return to Kobe, I must consult other members of the mission, and probably before this letter is mailed I shall be able to let you know our decision.

The Girls' School here would hardly meet your expectations of a "Christian" school, I presume. Very few of the pupils are Christians, and many of them are from homes in which a great antipathy to Christianity is felt and shown. Not long ago the Christians started a series of Friday-night meetings in a private house, a long distance from the church. It was a question in my mind how I could get certain girls in the school to those meetings, and I finally concluded to ask them to go with me to help in singing the hymns. To my surprise and great joy four girls out of a class of six came to my rooms to accompany me, and three of them have attended every meeting thus far. One of them has a father who is very much opposed to her attending any religious meeting, but somehow she manages to go to church sometimes. These four girls are very bright and interesting, and my heart yearns for their salvation. In the grammar class there are five more nice girls, two of whom are Christians, and of the other three two attend church regularly, but the third one is never at church, nor has she ever been to my rooms to call on me, as the other girls have done. It is surprising that some parents who are opposed to Christianity will send their daughters to a Christian school. But this school was something of a disappointment to me in regard to its Christian influence; however, we must remember that it is in its infancy yet, and that Christian pupils are sadly in the minority. It is my earnest desire to see a flourishing Christian school in this city—a school which shall have a strong influence in the right direction, for never was the need greater in any community. Here are excellent schools, from the kindergarten up to the normal school, where over thirty-five hundred pupils receive instruction daily, and where no influence other than that which is anti-Christian is exerted. Is it any wonder that the Christian parents desire to have a good school here for their daughters, where instruction may be given by those who are not the enemies of our God? Is it any wonder that this church sent such an earnest plea to the American Board for missionaries to come here? Now, if I am to be a part of God's answer to their prayers, I wonder who is or are to be the other part. Some one must come with me, and I want you to unite your prayers with mine that it may be just the person or persons best fitted for this special work. A young man has been coming to me every Sabbath for Bible study, but his desire has been simply to learn English. One day we were reading about Nicodemus in the third chapter of John, and I told him that many people now are like Nicodemus, inquiring secretly about Christianity, but avoiding the church lest some one else might know what they are doing. He laughed and blushed, taking it to himself, as I

intended he should. This was several weeks ago, and I think he has not missed attending church since unless unavoidably detained. For his salvation, too, I am praying as well as for that of the dear girls whom I mentioned.

There are others here who have awakened my interest, and it so hard to go away just now when it seems that, perhaps, in a short time God might use me as an instrument to lead them to Christ; but one lesson we all have to learn is not to try to hurry God's work faster than his wisdom sees, but we are apt to feel impatient sometimes that everything does not move along as smoothly and fast as we think it should; but it is only those whom the Lord give to us that we can be instrumental in saving, and nothing can be done but in his own time.

Those dear old ladies have just been to see me; I enjoyed their call, but our efforts to make each other understand were laughable sometimes. I have always loved aged people, and I find that my heart goes out to them here just as it did at home. * * * If any members of the Gunnison circle are present at your meeting perhaps they will be glad to hear what became of the scarfs they sent me some time ago. As they were too late to be used in the Kobe school, I brought them to Matsuyama with me, and the other night when several of the mothers were visiting me I brought them out for inspection. Each one took enough for her little ones, and the next morning it was amusing to see the red and gray scarfs flourishing around in church. The children were perfectly happy, and some of them were just as proud as they could be. The red and the gray were the favorite colors, and the blue came next, but the brown was slighted. I have twelve scarfs to be distributed before leaving here.

December 17th.—Some new joys have attended my pathway during the past two days which you may be interested in hearing about.

On the evening of the 15th twelve of the schoolgirls took dinner with me, and we spent four hours and a half very joyfully together. I have never seen Japanese girls throw off all restraint and enter so heartily into the spirit of having a good time as they did. We had the little organ brought over from school, and the hearty way in which they sang a few hymns added much to my pleasure. At the close of the evening I took the opportunity to speak a few words of advice, which I hope and trust did not all fall upon stony ground.

Yesterday the young man who has been reading the Bible with me every Sunday came a little earlier than usual to announce his intention of becoming a Christian when he has a better understanding of the Bible. This was glad tidings for me, for although I had been praying for him I had not dared to hope that he would show a spirit of earnestness so soon, especially as it was impossible for me to do much in the way of teaching, owing to his very limited knowledge of English. Surely, the Lord has led him thus far; let us pray that this young man may yet come into a full knowledge of the truth! I gave him an English Bible, with the understanding that he is to return it to me if ever he decides that he does not care to make any further investigation of Christianity. I hope and trust that he may never return it.

Joyful news has come from Kobe; ten more girls are to unite with the church soon. Our number of Christian girls is creeping up toward a hundred. When you pray for greater works in Kobe, do not forget to pray for a beginning of works in this dear Matsuyama school, which has insisted upon taking half my heart away from Kobe. When we pray, "Use me, Lord, in whatsoever way thou wilt," how little we know how that prayer will be answered! This has been my daily prayer since coming here, and I know that God has answered it in different ways, one of which I must tell you about. One day a dear old lady who has been a Christian since she was seventy—now five years since—called to see me with her little grandson. I gave the little fellow a picture-book to look at, and when the old lady left she took it and thanked me very heartily, supposing that I had made a present of it to the child. The next night the boy's mother came to church, and has been attending quite regularly ever since. She had been to church a few times before, but I fully believe that God used this little incident to touch her heart and make her more interested in Christianity.

Kobe, December 31, 1888.—Home again! We arrived in Kobe of the twenty-first day after a very calm and delightful trip; that is, as delightful as trips can be on these little coast steamers, with their small rooms and rock-like berths. The weather began to moderate before we left Matsuyama, and has continued very comfortable up to the present time, but we may expect a sudden change to cold weather at any moment.

January 4, 1889.—This afternoon

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription, in advance, \$2.50 (which includes postage); if not paid within three months, \$3.00. Please examine the label on your paper, which tells the day of the month of the year to which you have paid; and if in arrears, do not wait to be notified, but remit promptly by money order, registered letter, draft or express to THE PACIFIC, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, P. O. Box 2348. If the paper comes irregularly, or badly printed or folded, send postal card to THE PACIFIC at once.

I ought to have been spent in writing for the mail which closes to-morrow, but being seized with a fit of frolicsome merriment, I spent the time in playing games with the girls, and if they enjoyed the sport as much as I did they certainly had a good time. Yesterday an extra mission meeting began in Kyoto, and I was there long enough to hear the vote which expressed the willingness of the mission to locate me in Matsuyama. The change will not be made until next September, and not then unless some one comes to take my place in Kobe. Pray with me that God may bless our work for him more and more abundantly. With earnest prayers for you each and all, and with a sister's love, sincerely yours,

EFFIE B. GUNNISON.

PROHIBITION.

"The combat thickens. On, ye brave!" When the late national contest was decided, the votes counted, and the results announced, it was the hope of the liquor forces and the venal politicians that they would "have a rest." But there is no rest to the wicked. And so, scarcely had the national contest been laid, when no less than five States rise up as by magic, gather their forces, and are seen wrestling with the same mighty question. They are youthful Dakota, conservative New Hampshire, little Rhode Island, the Old Bay State and the grand old Keystone, Pennsylvania. We are all interested in the outcome, and thirty-seven States stand anxiously looking at yonder clouds of dust to note the result when they have lifted and passed away. Should Dakota carry Prohibition, and thus join her neighbors, Iowa and Kansas, then the whole Northwest will be counted as one great united portion of the nation solid against rum. If New Hampshire spurs liquor, then there will be three States conjoined—Vermont, Maine and herself—half of New England, combined against the evil. If Massachusetts and Rhode Island pronounce in favor of Prohibition, then all of New England, save Connecticut, will have thrown its moral and political power against the curse; nor will it be long, in that case, before New England will be a unit for Prohibition. Should Pennsylvania vote Prohibition, then will the whole nation be shaken; for the "Keystone" is taken away, and we shall hear the towers fall. But what and if not one of these successes crown the labors of Prohibitionists, will there be no advance then? Yes, verily; a vast amount of truth will have been preached, many prayers will have been offered, and labors expended, and they will not be in vain in the cause of God. Let us look at the results a little more in detail:

1. These State conflicts will obliterate the party prejudice of Republican temperance men against the party Prohibitionists. The two classes in these State conflicts will work together, consult together, and, before they know it, will come to love each other. There is nothing that so naturally unites men together as fighting a common enemy and co-operating in a common cause.

2. The laborers for State Prohibition will very naturally argue themselves into national Prohibitionists. In their contest with the State high-license men, these men who in the late election opposed the Prohibition party will call to their aid the statistics the third party have gathered with so much labor, and they will use them against the advocates of high license, and then the chasm between them and the third party will be filled.

3. State agitation will quicken the coming of the day when there will be but two great parties on this question. In these State conflicts now being waged, many Democrats will leave their party and go over to that of Prohibition, as they did in Kansas and Iowa and Maine. They will be denounced as turncoats; that won't bring them back. They will find a new joy in their new affiliation, and they will go there to stay; so they did in Kansas. Some Republicans will go over to the liquor camp, and they, too, will largely go to stay. The result will be the disintegrating of the old parties, and the establishment of two great camps—one for, the other against, the curse of curses.

When such a division is brought about, we will lift up our heads, for our redemption draws nigh. Strange it is that our President did not, in all his inaugural, so much as mention this stupendous evil, and that the rum power held such high carnival in Washington on that great occasion. But God and his people are in this movement, and its march cannot be stayed. Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.

S. BRISTOL.

It is stated that an Australian company has lately purchased about 500,000 acres of land on the river Murray, and that although the company is not composed of teetotalers, the sale of drink on the estate has been prohibited.

HOW TO ADVANCE OUR CHURCH WORK, WITHOUT EMBARRASSING THE TREASURY OF THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY REV. T. W. WALTERS, GENERAL MISSIONARY FOR EASTERN WASHINGTON.

DEAR PACIFIC: Observation and experience in missionary work have impressed upon my mind the following facts respecting missionary work, which I desire to place before the readers of THE PACIFIC.

The present financial condition of the A. H. M. S. will I think justify the following suggestions: The remedy of two years ago, "no more new work," was possibly the only remedy that could be found at the time that could sustain the honor of our noble Society; but it was surely not very cheerful to those engaged in pushing the work at the front, where it continually meant lost opportunities, and we felt that the method must have been very trying, indeed, to our energetic Secretaries in the East. And when, from month to month, during the last year, I have read the *Home Missionary*, as well as other sources of knowledge, respecting our home missionary work, at present I can almost hear these unwelcome words coming to my ears again.

The Secretaries and the Executive Committee stating they feel that further borrowing for the present would not be wise. Should such words reach us, we would be compelled to say that the Secretaries are not to be blamed, but rather that they have done their best and have done well. The indebtedness of \$95,000, and \$25,000 more due to missionaries, is surely trying, and tempts in this direction; but we in the far Northwest, where newcomers daily seek their future home—in our promising country—hope that the condition of things will not necessitate this break in our work, which would be so detrimental to the present and the future success of our churches; still, no one can be blind to the fact that some change must soon take place. The friends of the Society long and pray that it will be kept from bankruptcy, and that our missionary work will be kept from anything that will tend to blast its progress.

The writer, during eleven years of ministerial service, and seven of the eleven in the far Northwest, has often thought that possibly, through some method, the home church could be induced to do more toward supporting its own pastor, thus making the demand upon the Society less. In this statement I do not mean to imply that some missionary churches are not doing what they are able to in this direction; still, I have often thought that about as many churches give much less than they should toward supplying their own home pulpit with the gospel.

CHURCH SELF-RESPECT.

I do not know but that some churches, in this respect, need a little more pride, or perhaps, better, more self-respect. Not seldom many a community fast accumulates material wealth (we mean this statement to include the churches), while at the same time the pastor has to look to the Home Missionary Society for half of his support. This brings to mind what a well-to-do lady, a member of our church, told us some years ago, when discussing the duties of a certain church to become self-supporting. "Why," she said, "I feel that my minister is as essential to the well-being of myself and family as my servant girl is, but what would I think of asking somebody else to pay her wages? Still, it seems to me that it is about as ridiculous for us as a church to ask our good friends in the East to pay our minister's salary."

This sense of honor captured the whole Church, and soon it was added to the list of self-supporting churches, and by earnest efforts it continues to today. Would not this same common sense self-respect aid many a church in the same direction? It may not lead in every case to self-support, but would it not lead to fifty, or possibly one hundred, dollars more than was paid last year toward the minister's support, or, in other words, more than it intended to pay this year on the old plan? This would mean fifty or one hundred dollars less from the Missionary Society. I have often thought that such a step as this is possible in the average Home Missionary church, especially when the right minister is secured, which I shall discuss further on in the article. Such a step as this in all our missionary churches would save the Society annually, as things are at present, from \$75,000 to \$150,000. This year it would mean freedom from debt.

It seems to us that it is much easier to raise fifty or one hundred dollars extra, in an average field, when it goes directly toward the pastor's support, than even one-tenth of that amount when it goes directly to the A. H. M. S. Many a man will cheerfully give ten or twenty dollars, or indeed more, so as to secure the service of Rev. Mr. A as a minister in his town. He believes that such a man is needed in the town and community; that the presence of such a man in himself will be a benefit to the same. He likes Mr. A as a man; he calls him a good citizen, and thinks that he is going to be quite an addition to society in general. Possibly this man does not go to church once a year, unless upon special occasions; still he feels that his money is well spent; but he would not think even for a moment that it was his duty to give even five cents to a Missionary Society. With him charity begins and ends at home; this man is quite a representative man in the far Northwest.

While taking the ground, then, that the average home missionary church, with proper efforts, can do more than it does toward its pastor's support, we are not ignorant of that clause in our application blank which is undoubtedly conscientiously filled by Church Committees or Trustees—to-wit, "the least amount that will suffice from the Home Missionary Society." While undoubtedly we are not at liberty to slack our hands in our contributions to this Society, is it not expedient for all concerned to raise from fifty to one hundred dollars more than the individual field would ordinarily raise to support the home pastor? Who should take hold of this extra effort? Answer—Some competent member of the church, sometimes the home pastor, often a neighboring pastor—especially a pastor of a self-supporting church; the State Superintendent, or the Secretary, or General Missionary; or any one else who appreciates and understands the subject. Outside aid would often work well, and is not seldom essential to the best results. Let the motto of every home missionary church for the coming year be, "Let us save the Society one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by our extra efforts to supply our home pulpit."

BEST MINISTERS NEEDED.

But, another suggestion as to the solution of this problem—namely, "How to advance our church work without embarrassing the treasury of the A. H. M. S." We are inclined to think that much could be done toward solving this question by securing the services of the best available ministers, and, of course, by paying them such a salary that it would be an inducement to them to give their services to home missionary work. Every truly successful pastor, like every other truly successful man, must be well paid, although he is an employee of a missionary society. Nowhere is the successful minister more needed than on the frontier, laying the foundation of the future church. This should be solid as much as the foundation of that "great structure" should be solid.

I have spent some years in New England, and have supplied more than one church there; have also preached in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, etc., and have spent seven years on the Pacific Coast, and my opinion is, and I believe it to be the opinion of all who have taken in the situation, that inferior ministers can be more of a success in an average New England field and the Middle States than in our home missionary field in the far West.

There is no need of my stating that the success of the gospel in the West depends more upon sound common-sense gospel than upon any one other thing. But the successful minister must not only be a good sensible preacher, but he must be an earnest man—a man with business tact, energetic, and everybody's friend. He should know human nature, and be capable of adapting himself to the exigencies of the case; and I need not say that he should be devout as a man, and uncompromising in his convictions of truth.

It may be said, in this connection, "that beggars have no right to be choosers"—that a missionary church ought to be satisfied with any kind of a minister; nevertheless, the demand remains the same, and the conditions of success remain the same. The nature of the work necessitates successful men to secure success. As to finances, it can be truly said that many, and I am tempted to say the majority, of our pioneer churches give so little toward the pastor's salary, not because the church and community are so weak financially, because what they give does not express their ability, but rather, their disposition; they give not what they can, but what, under the circumstances, they are disposed to give. Too often there is so little in the minister that reaches the average man's pocket; and, when this is the condition of things, this average man cares very little whether the minister remains another year or not; but, if he and the management decide that he better remain, the church, as a rule, consents, but how meager the support the people are disposed to give! Yet the home missionary is a human being, so is his family; therefore, they must be fed and clad—of course, the Society must do it.

Now, let this same church and community have a man who can exert an influence that is everywhere felt, and whose noble manhood is everywhere appreciated, and soon a new life is created—every member in the church feels he can do more than hitherto toward his minister's support, because everybody believes him to be just the man. The outsider, who possibly does not attend church very regularly, cheerfully gives \$25 toward the support of this man, although one year ago he grudgingly gave \$5, saying it was all that he could afford. In less than three months quite a liberal support has been secured from the home field, and the church and community feel greatly blessed in securing the services of such a man, and, before long, they begin to think that really they ought to pay him more, and that they will do so, if he will remain with them another year.

A few years ago this was well illustrated in a little town, which was well known to the writer: A church had a pastor to whom it paid about \$400 per year, and there was no aid from the Home Missionary Society. Before long the minister felt that his salary was rather small, especially as his family was on the increase, but the church was just as confident that no more could possibly be raised. At the same time, this very

church and congregation offered another man—a friend of mine—\$1,000 per year should he become their pastor. The ability was there with the first man, but the disposition came with the second. Of course, some will say that the people did not possess the right principles if they were willing to support the man and not the gospel. This we have not time to discuss; we merely wish to say, Let the best minister available be secured, and the average church will greatly increase its subscription toward gospel preaching, and the demand on the A. H. M. S. will decrease in proportion.

THE YOKING SYSTEM.

But the benefit of securing such a minister is only partially expressed in what I have said; more fields can be successfully supplied by such a man than by an inferior man. One sermon per month from this type of a minister will actually give better satisfaction, do more good in general, and build up a better church, than eight sermons per month from the other. Too much preaching of a certain type has killed many a church, and deficiencies in other qualifications have killed more. We doubt the wisdom of the policy of having any minister give all his time to a small church; this tends to discourage both pastor and people, and it is surely very draining to the treasury of the Society. That six hundred dollars promised by the church must be paid. The community and the church thinks that from two to three hundred dollars is all that they possibly can do at home; the balance must come from New York. Would it not be more helpful to the church and more economical to the A. H. M. S., for the church to have only a portion of the time of a man, who, on account of his acceptable qualities as a Christian minister, demands better compensation, and whose earnest and impressive efforts as a pastor and minister means success—a man whom the church members and community have a right to be proud of. A small portion of the time of such a man will result in strengthening the church; even twelve visits per year will be highly appreciated and leave blessings behind them. The whole community looks forward to these monthly visits with joy and becoming pride. The local church becomes more and more respected, and every body feels that it must be patronized and the minister must be paid, and as a consequence the Society is much relieved. This one sermon per month says every one has done that church more good than any previous service that has been given. As the church grows, as it will under such management, give it two sermons per month, and by and by it will possibly be important enough to demand no less than one half of the minister's time; but by that time it will be able to pay him not much less, if any, than half of his salary. We suggest, then, the advisability of adopting more generally the yoking system, except possibly in the larger growing cities; we mention this not only as a matter of economy from the standpoint of the A. H. M. S., but also as a matter of health and growth to our churches. They will do better, we believe, much better, than they will do under the old plan. I want to illustrate this point by referring to one instance that is well known to me. A few years ago a small church of six members was organized in a small pioneer town. Soon, a pastor was settled over it, the church to pay \$200 per year, and the H. M. \$400 or thereabouts. At the end of the second year, the church, weak and discouraged, and the community indifferent, the young minister not far from despair, the church, minister and management thought best to discontinue the relation. About the same time, another small church was organized not far from the above, and a young man settled over it as its pastor, who received from the people about \$150 per year, and about \$400 from the H. M.; and in the course of time the relation was dissolved with much the same result as above, and it seems that opportunities had been lost; but during the last two years, these two churches have been under the charge of one superior young man, and another church has been added to the charge, making three churches under one pastor, who gives two Sabbaths per month to one of them, one each to the other two, and the fifth Sabbath some where else. These churches have never been in half as good a condition as at present, and the communities respect the churches, hold them in higher esteem than ever. The same can be said of the community and the pastor. The first two churches pay him about \$375, the other \$100, making \$475. He receives \$525 from New York, making a salary of \$1000. In other words, each field receives less than \$200 per year from the H. M.; instead of \$400 each as in previous years; still the minister receives nearly twice as much salary, and we can truly say that much more noble work is being done in each church. We believe this method could be generally adopted; and we suggest this to the consideration of all our missionary churches as a possible method to solve the question how to spread our church work without embarrassing the Treasury of the A. H. M. S. W.

The Wisconsin *Prohibitionist* says: "When the American people learn that it is no more necessary nor manly for a man to blow tobacco-smoke into the air they breathe than it is to spit tobacco juice into the water they drink, they will respect themselves more than they do at present."

Our Father beloved has arisen—We will not say that he fell—To be forever with Jesus; Whom he loved and served so well. To this land of his toil and adoption He came in his early prime; He gave her his noble manhood With faith and love sublime. But not for her prophet translated To-day does Oregon weep; His are the rest and glory; "God gives his beloved sleep." But for herself and her children Her grief is almost despair; O Lord, raise up an Elisha Fitted his mantle to wear. We miss thee, O Father, we miss thee! What sweet crowding memories come! While life lasts we'll think of thee ever As a beacon light guiding us home. MARIA LOCKY. Malheur, Or., March 8, 1889.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

There are no nobler or more attractive characters depicted in Mr. S. C. Hall's work, "The Stately Homes of England," than those of Sir Henry Sidney and his son. Of the father it is said, "He seems to have been incapable of intrigue and the subtle arts of the court. His dispatches are full, open and manly, and Ireland and perhaps Wales, to this day, experience the good effects of his wise government. "As the father was so was the son, 'the incomparable,' as Sir Philip Sidney has been called. Sir Philip was born at Penhurst Castle, November 29, 1554. His life was one scene of romance, from its commencement to its close. Yet so noble is the record that there is no strange inconsistency to reason off, no stain to clear, no blame to take away. We describe it when we name his accomplishments; we remember it as we would a dream of uninterrupted glory. His learning, his beauty, his chivalry, his grace, shed a luster on the most glorious reign recorded in the English annals. England herself, by reason of the widespread fame of Sir Philip Sidney, rose exalted in the eyes of foreign nations. He was the idol, the darling of his own; for, with every sort of power at his command, was his creed to think all vain but affection and honor, and to hold the simplest and cheapest pleasures the truest and most precious. The only displeasure he ever incurred at court was when he vindicated the rights and independence of English commoners, in his own gallant person, against the arrogance of English nobles, in the person of the Earl of Oxford. For a time, then, he retired from court, and found rest in his loved simplicity. "Again, however, Sidney returned to court, and his queen seized every opportunity to do him honor. He received her smiles with the same high and manly gallantry, the same plain and simple boldness, with which he had taken her frowns. In the end, Elizabeth, who, to preserve this 'jewel of her crown,' had forcibly laid hands upon him when he projected a voyage to America with Sir Francis Drake, and placed her veto on his quitting England. When he was offered the crown of Poland he could not restrain his bravery in battle when circumstances called him there. At Zutphre, on the 22d of September, 1586, he received a mortal wound. "In his sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle, the General, was, and being thirsty from excess of bleeding, he called for water, which was presently brought him. But, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried away, who had been wounded at the same time, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which, Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' He lived in great pain for many days after he was wounded, and died on the 17th of October, 1586. "Calmly and steadily he awaited the approach of death. His prayers were long and fervent; his bearing was, indeed, that of a Christian hero. He had a noble funeral. Kings clad themselves in garments of grief; a whole people grieved for the loss of the most accomplished scholar, the most graceful courtier, the best soldier, and the worthiest man of the country and the age. He was buried in state in the old Cathedral of St. Paul, on the 16th of February. For many months after his death it was considered indecent for any gentleman of quality to appear at court or in the city in any light or gaudy apparel."

The nucleus of a race trouble in the South is in almost every case a whisky saloon. The parties to it are usually the most vicious elements of both races. A drunken white man and a drunken negro have in them the conditions of combustion wherever they come in contact. When drunkenness does not exhibit its effects in low fun and obscenity, it is apt to take the form of brutality. The whisky-bottle and the pistol are the devil's twin agents. We know of no case in which a race difficulty has originated among the sober, respectable element of either race. The respectable, industrious element of both races could live together to the end of time without serious trouble.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

"Salts of demoniac" were called for at a country store in Western Massachusetts. The apothecary filled the bill with a pint of New England rum. Anything more demoniac than that, he said, wasn't down in his materia medica.—Health Journal.

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Home Circle.

A QUIET HOUR.

A little rest in the twilight
After my work is done,
A little time with the Master
At setting of the sun.

The day has been one of trial,
Of failure oft and tears;
But Jesus knows all my weakness;
He knows my doubts and fears.

All sordid thoughts I can banish,
And let my spirit fly
Above the earth and its sorrow
To God's white throne on high.

The door of a place of refuge,
A place of quiet rest,
Is near, and my soul is longing
To find that portal blest.

I come with my heavy burdens,
I come with all my sin;
I knock, and the door swings open,
And Jesus lets me in.

My sin departs, and my trouble
Is lost in blissful calm;
This quiet hour with my Saviour
Has soothed my heart like balm.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D.D.

The great meetings under Mr. Moody in the Tabernacle had just begun. The immense auditorium with its five thousand chairs was filled to overflowing. The Spirit was manifestly present. Every pastor's heart beat with anxiety as Mr. Moody for the first time invited all who were interested upon the subject of religion to follow him into the adjoining church, where an inquiry meeting would be held. Along with two or three other ministers I had been detailed to remain in the Tabernacle after Mr. Moody and the other Christian workers were gone, and to assist in the after-meeting of prayer.

As the broad form of Mr. Moody moved down the aisle, with what intense earnestness I watched every form that arose to follow him, to see if I could discover any member of my own flock! And when the after-meeting closed, with what a throbbing heart I hastened over to the inquiry room to know if any had been there. As I opened the door a brother met me with a card bearing the name of Robert R., with his address, saying that this young man had come into the inquiry-room under deep conviction, had made profession of his faith in Christ, and had given his name to unite with my church. He had also given the name and address of an aunt living in a different part of the city whom he desired me to call and see. The names were entirely strange to me. The addresses were both in parts of the city where I had no members. I thought there must be a mistake, but the brother assured me that there could be none, as the young man had identified me beyond all doubt as the minister he desired. So next day, with card in hand I set out to find my charge. The number of his address on the card brought me face to face with a liquor saloon in a very uninviting part of the city. This was discouraging, but I was not to be baffled, so I opened the door and looked in. A middle-aged Irish woman was behind the bar, and three or four young men were lounging by the stove. A more unpromising place for a young convert it would be difficult to conceive.

From the woman, who in her rich brogue was quite communicative, the following facts were soon gained: She was the wife of the saloon-keeper and kept a boarding-house for railroad men up-stairs. Robert R.—was a brakeman and boarded with her when in the city, which was very little of the time. He had gone out that morning and would not be back until the next night. She and her husband were Catholics and took no stock in Mr. Moody or his work. The young man was fatherless and motherless, and had been considered pretty wild. He was a jolly good fellow, but he had never heard him talk much of religion. There were no religious young men that she knew of among her boarders. She had no idea how he came to go to the Moody meetings. She had noticed him more quiet for the last day or two. He had used no oaths, had taken no grog, and had gone out that morning without his usual flask of whisky. This was all I could gather. And now the question rose, and I puzzled over it as I went home, how came this young man to be the first of all my young people to step in as the waters were being moved? All his circumstances and surroundings would seem to be the most unfavorable to his conversion. How did it come about?

The matter weighed upon my mind so much that I determined immediately to find the aunt whose address he had sent me and see if anything could be learned of her. A long ride on the street-car brought me to a remote part of the city and to a lowly cottage. A middle-aged lady met me at the door, evidently in infirm health, with her hair prematurely white and lines of care upon her face. Her reception was very cold as it seemed to me, but when we were seated and I announced to her that her nephew had given me her address and had requested me to call upon her, I saw a convulsive start and a quiver of her whole frame as if she dreaded to hear what was to come next. When I told her that he had been converted in the Moody meetings and had given his heart to the Saviour, she sat for a moment like one dazed, and then as the great tears chased each other down her cheeks, she said, "Oh, it's too good to be true! and yet hasn't

it been the burden of my prayer ever since his poor mother's death ten years ago? Never a morning or night through all his wildness that I have not poured out my heart for him, and many a time have I wet my pillow at midnight as I thought of him out on his perilous rides on the cars, and shuddered to think what would become of him if he were killed. And when he was here Sunday and promised me in his half-licking way that he would go and hear Mr. Moody every night he was off duty whilst Mr. Moody was here, I could hardly believe him. And last night, when I knew he was off duty, though I was not well enough to go to the Tabernacle, and have not been well enough to go to church for years, I spent the whole evening in prayer to God that the good Spirit would lead him to the Tabernacle and bring him to Christ."

The whole mystery was solved now. Ah! the pricelessness of the prayers of these chamber-saints of the Lord! Unable to attend the sanctuary, regarded by many, and sometimes even by themselves as of no value to the church, they are the Elijahs that on the mountain-tops of communion with God, bring down the abundant showers of blessing.—*Christian Weekly.*

VALUE OF EXERCISE OF THE ARM AND LEG.

If there is one general physical difference between the country-bred and the city-bred man it lies in the size and strength of the muscles of the shoulder and arm. It is almost impossible for a man to live in the country without using the arms far more than the average city man. This use of the arm has, in both men and women, an important bearing on the general health, since it increases the capacity of the chest, and thereby the surface of lung-tissue, where the blood is spread out in thin-walled vessels, through which the oxygen and carbonic acid easily pass in opposite directions, serving thus the double purpose of feeding the body more abundantly and of removing a constantly accumulating waste product.

This richer blood is again driven with greater force by increased heart and arterial action through its circuit. The vital organs are better nourished, and the power to produce work is increased. Few will deny that a well-nourished body can be trained to do more and better mental work than the same organism in a feeble state. Walking on an even surface, the only variety of physical exercise which most business and professional men get in town is well known to be a poor substitute for arm exertion. The reason is partially plain, since walking is almost automatic and involuntary. The walking mechanism is set in motion as we would turn an hour-glass, and requires little attention, much less volition and separate discharges of force from the brain surface with each muscular contraction, as in the case with the great majority of arm movements. The arm-user is a higher animal than the leg-user. Arm motions are more nearly associated with mental action than leg movements. A man's lower limbs merely carry his higher centers to his food or work. The latter must be executed with his arms and hands.

A third way in which arm-exercise benefits the organism is through the nervous system. Whether this is due to an increased supply of richer, purer blood, or whether the continual discharge of motor impulses in some way stores up another variety of force, we do not know. One thing is certain, the victim of neurasthenia is very seldom an individual who daily uses his arms for muscular work; with this the limit of hurtful mental work is seldom reached. It seems evident that arm, rather than leg, movements are essential to increased productive power. If these are neglected the man, as a social factor, degenerates and falls a prey to his stronger fellow-man in the race for supremacy and productivity. It may be remarked that American gout, that condition of the blood which causes our English cousins pain in the feet, and Americans universal pains and increased irritability, has one sovereign remedy so simple that few will take it, and this is daily systematic arm-exercise. It is nature's sedative, for which she charges nothing the next day, but gives us sleep instead of insomnia, and cheerfulness in place of discontent.

A man may walk in an hour four miles on a city sidewalk and reach his desk tired, exhausted of force, and better only for the open air and a slight increase of the circulation. Had he spent half the time in a well-ordered gymnasium, using chest and rowing weights, and, after a sponge-bath, if he had gone by rapid transit to his office, he would have found his work of a very different color, easier to do, and taking less time to perform it. The view for some time held by Hartwell of the Johns Hopkins University, Sargent of Harvard, and others, that arm-exercise prevents, or does away with, nervous irritability, and at the same time increases the absolute capacity for mental work, has not been sufficiently urged or accepted. The remedy for this state of things is to cause every man and woman to realize the importance of arm-exercise. Make it compulsory in schools, and popular after leaving school. If one's occupation does not require it in itself, muscular exertion of some kind ought to be taken daily, with the same regularity as food and sleep, for all three are necessary to the fullest development of our powers.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—*Richter.*

Dear Hands and Feet.

Darling mother's hands and feet,
Feeble, blistered, brown and old,
Years and years, to keep life sweet,
Sheltered from the heat and cold,

Have they kept their faithful trust.
Take them up and kiss them now,
E'er they falter back to dust—
Kiss the hands, and feet, and brow.

Child upon her bosom long,
Clasp her to thine own to-day;
Count no feebleness a wrong—
She is weary, worn and gray.

Loving hands and faithful feet!
Blessed hands, shut from sight,
Growing green, shall make life sweet,
After mother says good night.

—Mrs. M. M. Bowen, in *Arthur's*.

THE BELLS OF JAPAN.

The bells of Japan are among its loveliest possessions. One of the sweetest of them rang out many times every day into the waiting air, in this far-away little city. Its tone was intensely thrilling and pathetic. The bells are not sounded by a clapper within, but are struck from the outside by a sort of wooden arm, or battering-ram. Being withdrawn to the proper distance and released, it strikes the bell once more—and the strokes are allowed to succeed one another only with a dignified and stately regularity. Tradition says the finest bells have much silver in their composition, which may account for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be so or not, the bells make a profound impression upon all sensitive or musical organizations, heretofore accustomed to the more discordant church bells of a newer civilization.

And never did the lovely temple-bell in Shirakawa ring out so sadly and deliciously as one night when a great fire laid waste a portion of the city. Thirty or forty houses made a fine blaze for two or three hours, and we watched it from the castle-wall with pity and interest. The crackling of the flames as they licked up one little thatched roof after another, was terribly audible; so, too, were the helpless cries and shouts of the surrounding crowd—while the red cinders were whirled far aloft, and fell even around us. But through the confusion and tumult, the calm bell rang out its indescribably beautiful note—in quicker succession than usual, but losing none of its dignity and sweetness, for all the discordant sounds so near.—*St. Nicholas.*

WITNESS FOR CHRIST IN THE HOME.

It is in the private spheres and familiar daily intercourse of life that most of us are called to give this testimony, and to give it by manifesting in this intercourse in these retired spheres the spirit of our Master. What an opportunity does the family, for example, afford for constant and effective witness-bearing! How a mother may honor Christ in what she says to her children about him, and especially by the manner in which she fulfills her every-day home duties! How a wife may thus testify of Christ to her worldly, unconverted husband! When does children's education begin? At six months? A year? Two years? No, it began when they began—the moment they entered the little world called theirs. Every touch of the mother's hand, every tone of her voice, educates her child. Many an ear enjoys, is soothed by music, while ignorant of its laws. So the youngest child in the household is lulled by uncomprehended harmonies from its very birth. Affections group around and bless it like so many angels. It could not analyze or comprehend an angel, but it could feel the soft shelter of its wings.—*Mrs. Prentiss.*

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has this paragraph, which contains a suggestive moral: "There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find out and give them a neighborly welcome, and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep houseplants in winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."

"IT WILL MAKE THEE WORK."

"I drink to make me work," said a young man one day. To which an old man replied: "That's right; thee drink and it will make thee work. Hearken to me a moment and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happy together, but we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am 72 years of age. Had it not been for drink I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At 70 years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink, and it will make thee work."

Household.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Break six ounces of macaroni in pieces about two inches long, put them into a kettle nearly full of boiling water, and boil rapidly for twenty-five minutes. When done, drain, and throw into cold water for fifteen minutes, drain, and cut again into half-inch pieces. Put a half pint of milk on to boil. Rub one large tablespoonful of butter and two rather heaping tablespoonfuls of flour together, and stir into the boiling milk; stir continually until it thickens, then add the yoke of two eggs, stir again until very thick, about a half minute, take from the fire, add the macaroni, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste, mix, and turn out on a plate to cool. When cold form into cone-shaped croquettes, roll first in beaten eggs and then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Serve with cream sauce, made thus: Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan with a level tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth, and add a half pint of milk or cream, stir continually until it boils, add a half teaspoonful of salt and pepper and it is ready to use.—*March Table Talk.*

STUFFED EGGS.—Hard boil six eggs, cut them into halves lengthwise, take out the yolks carefully, mash them fine, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, tablespoonful of chopped ham or tongue, and a dash of pepper, rub until smooth. Fill the whites with this mixture and press the corresponding halves together, hold them a moment until there is no danger of their falling apart. Now dip them carefully in beaten egg, and then in bread, then again egg, and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. Serve with cream sauce poured around them.—*March Table Talk.*

POTATO SALAD.—Eight large boiled potatoes, three hard-boiled eggs, a double handful of cabbage, two or three small onions, five tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a bunch of celery (or very good without), and butter the size of an egg, melted; salt and pepper to suit. Stir well.—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

CURE FOR FELON.—Saturate a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine, and apply to the affected parts. It will relieve the pain at once, and destroy the felon. Dress it with some good salve, and it will soon be well.—*Jane, in National Stockman and Farmer.*

RICE BREAD.—One quart rice flour, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful wheat-flour, three tablespoonfuls butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, sifted with the flour. Bake in shallow tins in a quick oven.

HICKORY-NUT CAKES.—Two cupfuls of chopped meats, two cupfuls of powdered sugar; add the unbeaten whites of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful baking-powder. Bake in patty-pans.—*Cincinnati Times.*

BAKED SOUR APPLES.—Take a six-quart pan of apples, after they are pared, quartered, and cored, put them in a pot, and add two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of water; cover them, and bake slowly for several hours.

SHE HEARD IT ALL.

It was in a Philadelphia street car. Three ladies were engaged in conversation. Their subject was church matters and church people. Among the latter was the wife of the pastor of one of the leading Methodist congregations in the city. The ladies said a good many things about her—some flattering, and others decidedly otherwise, some things that were true, and others that she would not have been willing to admit to be true. For nearly half an hour the gossipers plied their avocation, and, as the interest arose, so did the pitch of their voices. All the time a lady sat opposite them in the car and quietly watched them. When one of the gossipers remarked that she had never seen the pastor's wife referred to, and the others expressed a desire to see her, the silent watcher smiled. After a while the car reached the point where the lady wished to alight. She arose, but before starting toward the door laid her hand on the arm of one of the three who were engaged in conversation, and, with a self-possessed smile, said: "Ladies, you have expressed a desire to see me. Here I am. I have too keen a sense of humor to leave the car without telling you I am the lady you have been talking about. Now let me give you a little sensible advice. The next time you are in a street car don't talk so loudly, for some one might hear you who would not enjoy it so hugely as I have. Good afternoon." The lady left the car, and the faces of the gossipers were a picture of astonishment and discomfiture. The other passengers smiled.—*Philadelphia News.*

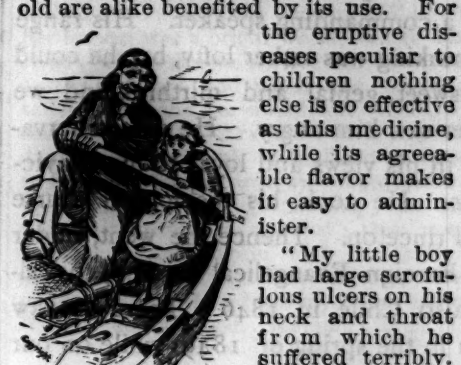
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"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores upon his head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician had called, but he could not cure him. I multiplied until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, his skin is fresher, and his appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1889.

Most of our Congregational papers in America have hesitated to express their real feelings in regard to the merging of the Congregational churches in Japan into the proposed "union"; but all of them, as we are informed, are really opposed to the proceeding, however modest they may have been in the expression of their opinions. Among the churches, too, there is the same decided feeling of opposition to the proposed "union," and the same unwillingness to make bold declarations of opinion. A gentleman, who has been traveling recently in all the States of the Union in which Congregational churches abound, said, in this office, that he had not met a person west of the Hudson river who was not opposed to the idea of allowing the Congregational churches of Japan to be swallowed up in some other organization. The proceeding strikes all unprejudiced minds among us as unnecessary and unwise, and as likely to be productive of more harm than good; as growing out of sentiment, rather than out of judgment; as of untimely zeal, rather than of discriminating knowledge. Its most strenuous advocates have seemed to us dull Americans as more impassioned than inspired, and as having their feet pretty solidly upon the earth, however effulgent the play of celestial airs around their heads. As fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God, our interest in the welfare of our Japanese churches is not small; and we trust they will let well enough alone, will try no experiments, take no risks, and plunge into no uncertainties. The prospective "union" may seem to some of them a flowery field, or a bask meadow; but we fear that they will find it farther on but a miry bog and a devouring fen.

Some of those people in Japan who are aware of their not being very loyal to Congregationalism allege that the "American Board" is an undenominational Board. There is something in this allegation. It gives their conduct a kind of fossiliferous protection. In a gone age it was so. But the fact is practically obsolete; or so nearly so as to be decidedly obsolescent, requiring a good deal of effort to make the public conscious that the Board was ever anything else than now, when it is virtually a Congregational institution. Some there may be in mission fields, who "have come down to us from a former generation," that were sent forth by the "American Board," ere it had ceased to be an undenominational institution—in fact, if not in form, the fact being the well-known and essential thing. There are few of us, in America or Japan, who are not old enough to know that after the "Reformed" Church had a "Board" of its own, and after the "New School Presbyterians" had gone back on their past to the "Old School" body, there remained none—next to none—but the Congregationalists as a constituency for the American Board, the said Board handing over some of its best fields to the Presbyterian Board, as a fit portion for those who had gone over, and left the American Board to its fate. And now to bring out the fact that the American Board was undenominational in the years ago, and before it was deserted by all but its Congregational supporters, as a reason for not being partial to Congregationalism, is going a long way for a reason—especially for a reason for justifying a partiality to the very denominationalists that had voluntarily forsaken the American Board to serve another; and so had forced the American Board to be solely a Congregational body.

The Rev. Dr. David Trumbull of Valparaiso, Chile, has passed away, at the age of 70. Dr. Trumbull was a descendant of a famous Governor, and was born in Colchester, Ct. He graduated from Yale University in 1842, in the same class with one of us. Our class was large, and we were not at all inti-

mate with him till our senior year. He had a tall form, a long step, and a dignified bearing. He was a good scholar and a commanding speaker. His range of thinking was rather lofty, but he could be sweet, genial and mirthful, and we never saw him angry. He was conservative in his views and loyal to his convictions. He took his theological course at Princeton. Thence he went, under the Foreign Evangelical Society, to Valparaiso, Chile, in 1846. There we saw him in the spring of 1849, while on our way to this State, and saw him for the last time, forty years ago. He married in the following year, in New Haven, a lady whom we had also known. He reared a large family. His wife and five of his children survive him. One of his sons was drowned while a theological student. Through more than forty almost unbroken years of service in Valparaiso, he bore himself manfully, and fought the good fight amid all sorts of untoward influences, and against all sorts of indirect oppositions, in a land where there was an established Church, and where Protestantism was unlawful as well as unliked. While his labors were chiefly among European and American residents, his influence reached all over the city and all over Chile, and gained an informal, if not a formal, concession for the freedom of religious worship.

LETTER FROM PORTLAND, OR.

After the death of Dr. Atkinson Deacon G. Shindler and Mr. George H. Himes were appointed a committee to embody the thought of the church relative to its loss in the taking away of our greatly loved brother, and Mr. Himes, for the committee, reported last Thursday evening as follows:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased our loving and ever merciful Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, to translate from our midst to the place of eternal rest and happiness our beloved brother and father in God, Rev. George H. Atkinson, D.D., who for so many long years gave his life to the service of the Master in building up the kingdom of the Lord, making the waste places fruitful and the rough places smooth; and,

"WHEREAS, His life work has been so interwoven with the interests of this church since its organization in 1851, temporarily supplying the pulpit much of the time to 1863, acting as permanent pastor for nearly ten years thereafter, and being a member for more than twenty-five years; and,

"WHEREAS, In the ministry, in the pastoral relation, as a teacher, in promoting education, and in disseminating valuable knowledge relative to our State and adjacent country, he has ever been foremost, faithful, diligent and untiring in all that goes to make up a consecrated and useful life; therefore,

"Resolved, That we are most earnest in our expression of thanksgiving that our brother, throughout his long and useful life, studied to show himself approved of God, that he might rightly divide the word of truth, and be sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared for every good work.

"Resolved, That we are profoundly thankful that God, in his loving kindness, has given us the privilege of the counsel and ministrations of so devoted a disciple of Christ—one so thoroughly furnished unto all good works, so gentle to all men, so apt to teach, so patient, so full of knowledge of the Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through the faith which is in Christ Jesus; and whose example was so faithful and commendable in word, in conversation, in spirit, in charity, in faith, in purity, as to perpetually inspire us with an ever-increasing desire and purpose to be more earnest in all efforts to build up the Lord's work.

"Resolved, That while we bow in reverent, trustful and humble submission to the will of the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, and realize that he knows what is best for us, yet it is with sincere sorrow that we mourn the departure of our brother from the scene of his earthly usefulness and activities, thus breaking in twain for this life the ties of love and affection binding him to his bereaved wife and children, and ending the sweet Christian love and intercourse that it has been our blessed privilege to enjoy with him as members of the same church.

"Resolved, That we have confidence, in view of the large measure of his unselfish and untiring devotion to the Master's work, along all lines of spiritual and material activities, with but one end to be attained—that of adding to the kingdom of God upon earth—that, having fought the good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, he has received the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, promised not only him, but to all others who love his appearing.

"Resolved, That we most earnestly sympathize with the stricken wife and sorrowing children and other relatives in this their hour of supreme loss, and pray that they may receive the undoubted assurance of the blessed Word of God that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and that all who mourn shall be comforted, and best of all, the comforting and consoling words of the Revelator, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They may rest from their labors and their works will follow them.'

"Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of the church, and that a copy be suitably engrossed and sent to the family of our deceased brother.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to *THE PACIFIC* and *Daily Oregonian*, with the request that they be published."

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote.

Prospects seem good for the establishment of a Congregational church at Coupeville, on Whidbey's Island, Island county, W. T. Funds are being raised there for that purpose.

Seven members were received by the church at Albina (Rev. T. H. Henderson, pastor), on communion Sunday, five by profession and two by letter. The outlook here is considered hopeful, as the population of the community in the neighborhood of the church is increasing rapidly.

Special services were held several evenings last week by Rev. J. W. Eldridge, pastor of the church at Beaverton, assisted by Rev. T. H. Henderson and others. The services will be continued during the present week, as the manifest interest and increased attendance from evening to evening seemed to warrant the same.

Rev. H. F. Williams of New York, General Railroad Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., arrived here yesterday, and will preach in the First church to-night. He is here for the purpose of arranging for the railroad Y. M. C. A. work that is soon to be commenced along the lines on this Coast.

For some weeks past we of the First church have been anxious over the possibility of losing our beloved pastor, Rev. T. E. Clapp. It was an occasion of great rejoicing this morning when he announced from the pulpit that all obstacles which stood in the way of his staying with us had been removed.

March 17, 1889. G. H. H.

EAST WASHINGTON.

The church at Ahtanum has just closed a series of meetings conducted by the pastor, Rev. F. M. McConaughy, assisted by Deacon G. R. Andrus, of Cheney. The meetings have been well-attended, and much interest manifested throughout. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, conducted by Charles Woodcock, is in a flourishing condition. Through the work of this Society and the meetings just closed it is believed that quite a number will unite with the church in the near future. Ahtanum is situated in a fertile valley eight miles from North Yakima. The pastor has much too large a field to be able to do the most effective work. He resides in the valley near the church, and preaches at North Yakima every two weeks, also at the old town, four miles from North Yakima, as often as he can during the summer. In addition to this he organized, through the help of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, a Sunday-school at Konewock, another valley sixteen miles distant from Ahtanum, where he preaches as often as he can. His deacon also organized another Sunday-school, thirteen miles in another direction, at Tampico, which he ministers to also from time to time. This makes a field about forty miles long and an average of ten or twelve miles wide, well settled up, including the city of North Yakima, with its twelve to sixteen hundred population, and the old town with a few hundred more. Surely, no one man can do the work of such a field.

It was the privilege of your correspondent to visit the schools mentioned. Both are doing nicely, having continued their sessions right through the winter, and both schools have purchased an organ for their use. And the school at Konewock is about obtaining a library from the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. The school at Tampico has a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor organized by Charles Woodcock, of Ahtanum, which is doing nicely.

In both of the places no doubt a church will be organized soon. It is probable a man will be sent to North Yakima, which will be a great relief to Brother McConaughy, who is doing such faithful work in his large field. I am also glad to report a church organized at Marshall, February 24th, of six members by General Missionary Rev. T. W. Walters and Superintendent G. R. Andrus, making five churches that have been organized in Eastern Washington within a few weeks. Four of these churches are the outgrowth of Sunday-schools organized within a few months. Surely, more ministers are needed in this growing field. We are hoping Superintendent Beard, who is now East, will return soon with ministers to supply some of these needy fields.

The church at Cheney is doing well under the care of Rev. David Wirt, who supplies once in two weeks. At the last communion four were received into the church, two on profession and two by letter. The Sunday-school also is flourishing under the care of Mrs. G. R. Andrus, Superintendent. G. R. A.

Rev. F. E. Shearer, D.D., has arranged to take personal supervision of a party, including delegates and others, going to the Presbyterian General Assembly to meet in New York city May 16th. Any persons desiring the advantages of good company and cheap rates should correspond with him at once.

Market street, corner Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last Monday Club there were several visitors. Among them, Rev. Dr. S. C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College, Rev. Dr. Geo. S. F. Savage of Chicago, Rev. Alfred C. Walkup, Missionary at Kusaie, Micronesian Islands, and Rev. John T. Ise of Japan. As we were all anxious to hear from these visitors, the subject for the day was deferred to a future meeting.

Rev. Mr. Ise then said that it gave him pleasure to meet those of whom he had often heard. He graduated at Kyoto, in 1879, in the first class in our theological school. Rev. Dr. Davis was one of his teachers. He began preaching in a small place, where God blessed his labors, and he received three hundred and seventy members to his church during his pastorate of seven and a half years. After that, he taught a while and engaged in evangelistic work. One year and a half ago he began work in Tokyo, where is a population of twelve hundred thousand, with eighty thousand students in the various institutions. It has been thought wise to centralize the work in this great metropolis, and thence to work out in all directions. A gentleman in New York has given \$25,000 for a Y. M. C. Association building. Mr. Ise has come to this country for aid to purchase a site and erect a Central church. He is a missionary of the A. B. of F. M. He has the endorsement of the missionaries. His own people have raised \$500, and other friends in Japan have promised \$500 more. Ten thousand dollars will enable him to buy a site costing about one-half the money, and erect a brick church which will seat about one thousand. In answer to questions Mr. Ise said he favored the church union in Japan, as did most of the missionaries and native pastors, especially the older pastors. Rev. Joseph Neesima hesitates. Of the 30,000 converts in Japan, about one-third are in the missions of the American Board, and about a like number in the Presbyterian missions.

President Bartlett has a son in Japan who is doing excellent work. The President said that he left New England about the first of last December, and has been spending the winter in Southern California, where he was impressed with the vigor and activity of our pastors and churches. He is astonished at the evidences of wealth and progress in this city. He was in New York in 1849 when men were starting out for this Eldorado. He sees tokens that Christianity is overtaking our early dissipation. Regarding the proposed Union in Japan, he thinks it would be a good thing for the American Board to send out a deputation to observe the condition of things and report. He hopes there will be no division between the Atlantic and Pacific Coast churches on this question. A gentleman had said to him that he hoped never to see another New England minister in the service out here, and that our remembrance regarding the Union in Japan was not duly regarded at the last meeting of the American Board. President Bartlett said that other questions of paramount importance occupied the time of the meeting; that was one reason for the apparent neglect. He said the American Board does not want to part with any more missions.

Regarding Dartmouth College, the President said it is a Christian institution; we enforce attendance upon Christian exercises, chapel prayers, etc. It has received \$500,000 in endowment since he became President. Its beneficiary funds are bestowed upon Roman Catholics, Jews, and others, alike. Regarding expenses, he said that \$500, with the beneficiary fund of \$70 a year, is quite sufficient. There is no more dissipation in Eastern colleges than formerly. No liquors are allowed to be sold in Hanover; it is a local option town.

Rev. S. C. Bartlett, D.D., President of Dartmouth College, preached a grand sermon at the Third church, this city, Sunday morning. His theme was, "Self-Denial." In the evening, Pastor Cruzan preached from the text, "Come and see." The congregations both morning and evening were large. Next Sunday, Mr. K. A. Burnell will begin a special work among the young people and children of the Third Church, holding an afternoon and evening service each day, for the first five days of next week.

At the First church in Oakland, Rev. B. S. Banks, a class-mate of Dr. McLean at Princeton, preached in the morning a good Presbyterian discourse. In the evening, Mr. D. M. Canright gave his "Reasons for Withdrawal from the Seventh-Day Faith." Fourteen years ago he established the organization of that order in Oakland, which has become quite strong, having a printing establishment, etc. Now he sees his mistake, and preaches and lectures against it.

Mr. Armstrong, student in our Theological Seminary, preached in Plymouth Avenue church. Rev. G. M. Spencer preached for Rev. Dr. Bothwell in West Oakland in the evening. Dr. Bothwell left last Monday for New Orleans, to be gone one month. Rev. W. N. Meserve preached for Brother Bickford at Lorin, where there is more than usual religious interest.

The Societies of Christian Endeavor of the Union Church, San Lorenzo, and the Congregational and Methodist churches, Haywards, held a union meeting in the Congregational church at Haywards last Sunday evening. Papers on Endeavor work were sent by members of the several societies. Interesting addresses were made by Rev. Ross, pastor of the M. E. church, Haywards, Mr. William S. Dillen of Berkeley, and Captain Isaiah Bray of Oakland. Revs. Allen, Madge and Ross, of the churches represented, took part in the devotional exercises.

TUCSON.—A "vesper service," arranged to cover all the Sunday evenings of the month as desirable, recently tried at the Congregational church in Tucson, Arizona, has proved interesting and helpful. The changes from the ordinary evening order of exercises were very acceptable, and gave opportunity for a fuller presentation of the Scriptures and a larger participation on the part of the congregation than is usual. A copy of the service will be sent to any pastor desiring the same on application by mail to Rev. H. Hammond Cole.

The Congregational church of National City received eleven into membership at the last communion. The First church, San Diego, recently received ten new members, three of whom were Chinamen. VOTE OF APPRECIATION.—Rev. S. W. Delzell, having tendered a resignation as pastor to the First Congregational church of San Jacinto, we, the members of that church, extend to him our heartfelt appreciation of his work in aiding us in the building of our church and in the discharge of his pastoral duties among us, and to his wife, whose Christian character we hold in the highest esteem. We tender them our best wishes and commend them to the Christian fellowship of any church where they may sojourn.

By ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE. We desire, through the columns of *THE PACIFIC*, to extend the thanks of the Turlock Congregational Society to Mrs. J. W. Mitchell of Turlock, Miss Ward of Alameda and Mrs. Lena Hall of Soquel, for furnishing an abundance of magnificent flowers to decorate our church with on the day of its dedication, the 10th inst. Words can scarcely express our appreciation of their kindness, and we will ever hold them in kind remembrance. T. C. S.

EAST WASHINGTON.—A church of seven members was organized at Marshall on March 3d, and is to be supplied by Mr. J. A. Williams. They are making preparations to build a church at Medical Lake. Sunday, March 17th, Rev. D. E. Davies received 11 into the church at Sprague; three on confession of faith. The Y. P. C. E. Society of our church at Spokane Falls has more than doubled in membership since its organization in September last. Rev. J. Edwards has begun a course of Sunday evening lectures to young people on such subjects as, "What Makes the Man," "Starting on the Right Rails," "How to Win," etc. A series of lectures on "Evolution" are delivered at Spokane Falls by Rev. W. S. Turner.

J. E. Ira D. Sankey is home from Europe, and has just been as far west as Denver, Col. Wish he had kept on to the Pacific, where he would be sure of a cordial greeting. Fifteen were received into the Mills College church, which is a union church, at the last communion, and a number more are soon to be received. The visit of Mr. Moody to the College was greatly blessed.

A marked but quiet religious interest has existed at Soquel for some weeks, and the result has already gladdened many hearts. And the interest still seems on the increase. Yesterday (for special reasons) we had our communion, when eleven members were received, seven of them on confession of faith. Others have found Christ, and still others are seeking, who will come forward later. It is noticeable that men are among the converts. Of those who united with the church on confession yesterday, more than half were men, so that the male membership was actually doubled by these additions. Special meetings have been held for the past three weeks, and are to continue through the present week. The pastor has been greatly assisted in the work by the invaluable labors of Miss Dr. Kellogg of Oakland, who has been here for two weeks, and is to continue another week. She is indeed a work-woman approved of God, who needeth not to be ashamed. A. B. P.

March 25, 1889. Rev. J. A. Jones had a very good day last Sabbath at Tipton and Alila; good congregations at both places. The subject was "The Wonderful Sight during the Tragedy of Calvary" (Luke xxiii: 43). At the communion in Tipton Dr. S. P. Rugg and wife were received by letter from the Plymouth church of San Francisco, and their two children were baptized. It was a season of rejoicing and heavenly love because they were the first acquisition to the church during the last twelve months. Last week the church members of Tipton and their friends gave an entertainment to finish the church. Rev. J. A. Jones and his wife sang a Welsh duet, and were encored.

Rev. C. W. Hill of San Jose and Rev. W. C. Pond of Bethany church in this city exchanged last Sabbath. Brother Pond reports a very interesting and attentive congregation in the very neat and cosy church at San Jose; also a feeling of confidence respecting the future of the church, much in advance of what he had seen there heretofore. Besides

preaching at the morning and evening services, Brother Pond spoke in the afternoon at the hall of the Y. M. C. A. About one hundred men—mostly young—were present. His subject was "The Tribe of the Reubenites; or, Wavering and Wanting."

POMONA.—Our church in Pomona is really phenomenal in its interest and rapid development. It was organized less than two years ago by Rev. C. B. Sumner, and prospered splendidly under his efficient work. He was unable to continue his pastoral labors because called to the work of building up a first-class Congregational College at Pomona, and Rev. L. H. Frary was called to the pastorate, and is doing very successful work indeed. He held special services recently for some four weeks. Through the combined efforts of these two worthy apostles of the Lord, the Pomona church has now a membership of over 170, and will have 200 before it is two years old. A most excellent spirit prevails. The church is self-supporting, has a very commodious building, and a property worth some \$7,000 or more.

Rev. D. H. Colcord of Monrovia in Southern California is progressing nicely in his work in that new and beautiful locality. Notwithstanding the business depression, the new church is finished and furnished. Increasing congregations cheer our brother, and, considering all things, the outlook is hopeful.

Rev. A. E. Tracy has only recently arrived at Ontario, one of the charming spots in Southern California. The work has much improved since he arrived there a few months ago. The church edifice has been completed and congregations and Sunday-schools have about doubled.

Rev. George Morris addressed the Y. M. C. A. at Pomona on Sunday, March 17th, on "Missions and Temperance," and at night lectured in the Congregational Church on "Gospel Temperance." On Sunday morning last he preached in the M. E. Church, San Bernardino, and at night occupied the pulpit of the Congregational Church.

The Baptist Tabernacle church, San Jose, is still without a pastor. Rev. A. C. Hirst, D.D., preached Sabbath morning, and the evening services were conducted by the Y. M. C. A.

NORTH SAN FRANCISCO. W. C. T. U. will give an entertainment at Y. M. C. A. Hall, 232 Sutter street, on Friday, March 29th, at 8 P. M. The object is to raise money for defraying the expenses of the National Convention to be held here next fall. The programme consists of Recitations, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Whistling Solos, etc.; also an address by the State President of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. R. R. Johnston. Admission 25 cents.

EASTERN.

The Boston churches have had large accessions during the winter. The First church, Keene, N. H., received, March 3d, 61; the Second church, 55. The church at Union City, Mich., received 38; Park church, Minneapolis, 41; church at Onawa, Ia., 32; church at Cleveland, Ia., 92; Pilgrim church, Cleveland, O., 19. Three hundred and one have united with the Tabernacle Baptist church, Boston, since its organization, sixteen months ago; 158 of these by baptism. The Baptist church, Salem, Mass., received 26.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

The question of how to meet the increasing demand for home missionary work among the rapidly growing populations of these cities and towns in Western Washington, in face of the depleted treasury of the A. H. M. S., is a puzzling one to those of us who look with interest upon the religious welfare of these communities. A way to solve the enigma was, some four or five weeks since, presented to Plymouth church, Seattle, by their pastor, Rev. H. L. Bates, who proposed that, in connection with our latest church enterprise (which it seemed possible might die in its birth if aid in the support of a pastor could not be obtained), his church should furnish a sum equal to that which the A. H. M. S. would be likely to grant under the conditions of a full treasury. The matter was then left for consideration, a few proposing each to be one of twenty-four to make up \$600. It was last Sabbath, the 17th inst., Superintendent Beard being present, that an attempt was made to crystallize the idea. It took but ten minutes, when \$665 were pledged for the support of a pastor for the body that will probably soon be known as the "Lake Union Congregational church of Seattle." Four lots have been already donated by the proprietors of the "addition," a Sunday-school is already flourishing, and about \$800 have been subscribed toward the erection of a church building.

Plymouth church has called for its new pastor, Rev. E. S. Tead, of Prospect Hill Congregational church, Boston, at a salary of \$3,000.

Rev. Thomas Sims of Valley City, Dakota, it is understood, has accepted the call of the East Tacoma church.

Rev. S. H. Cheadle, just now vacating the pulpit of the East Tacoma church, goes to North Yakima.

Mr. C. E. Chase, who is soon to be ordained by the church at Corvallis, Or., of which he is a member, has accepted an invitation to supply at Cheney in East Washington. S. G.

Italy has ordered 400 heavy Krupp guns; also, 4,000 horses. France is strengthening the forts on her Alpine border.

REV. SAM P. JONES.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

[A sermon by Rev. Sam Jones, delivered in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Friday evening, March 22, 1889.]

We have selected a very practical text for this evening, and I trust its discussion shall be very profitable.

"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.)

There are two questions which come up very naturally, and are perfectly legitimate. When you seek to employ a man for a day or an hour he will look up in your face and ask, "What kind of work do you want me to do?" When this question is satisfactorily answered, then he has one more, inevitably, and that is, "What will you pay me for it?" These two questions lie at the very basis of all contracts for labor; there can be no contracts for labor without the asking and answering of these two questions—no intelligent contract. What kind of work do you want me to perform, and what will you pay me for it?

Now, there are many in this audience who may boast of the fact of never having entered into a contract to labor for any one. We may boast of the fact that this is the freest Government the world ever saw; we may boast that the Constitution of this great country guarantees to every man his life, his liberty and his property, and yet there is a very important sense in which every man is serving, and there is an infinitely important sense in which pay day is coming.

WHOM DO I SERVE? In a moral or spiritual sense every man present is a servant, and he has his master. Our Saviour told us, "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are: whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." He said again, "No man can serve two masters; he will either love the one and hate the other; or else he will cleave to the one and despise the other. He said again, "He that is not with me is against me." Again he said, "He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

I grant you there are many men in this audience, who are not in this world, who will look you in the face and say to you: "I am not serving Christ, but I am not against him. I am not a servant of God—I'll admit that—but I am not a servant of the devil. We have got a great many men in this world who are not quite good enough to go to heaven, and a little bit too good to go to hell. What are you going to do with this sort of men? There are but two objective points in the moral universe—a heaven and hell; and yet there are just thousands of men not good enough to go to heaven, and a little too good to go to hell."

Now, my brother, an intelligent view of this subject may help you somewhat. Hear me. The Saviour settled it when he said, "He that is not with me is against me." To refuse to take a stand for God and for the right puts you squarely on the other side. To refuse submission and obedience to God puts you under the yoke of bondage and sin. It is God's word, brother, and by and by it will be your admitted experience. "I would that ye were either cold or hot; but because thou art lukewarm I will spew thee out of my mouth—a man neither good nor bad."

A man once came and sat down by my side at a camp-meeting and entered into conversation. "Jones, we are having a good camp-meeting," said he; "I hope many will be saved." "Well," said I, "I hope so, too. Glad to hear you talk that way, brother. What church do you belong to?"

"I don't belong to any." "Are you a Christian?" "Yes."

"I am glad to meet one of the church. I never did before; I am glad to see you; I am glad to know that I have found a man who was not a member of the church, and yet a good man." I said, "I suppose you are at work?"

"Oh, yes, I am talking around." "Well," said I, "when I call upon penitents to-night I will call on you to pray."

"No," he said, "don't do that."

"Why?" "I am not a member of the church."

"Well," said I, "after the meeting is over will you take some of the penitents out to the woods and pray for them?"

"No."

"Well, why?" "Well, I am not a member of the church."

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one who keeps the laws of God. Some think if I don't commit adultery and don't steal anything I am moral. That's like the man that washes his finger and says his hand is clean; like a fellow scrubbing his nose and saying his head is clean. It's good as far as goes.

Now, on whose side am I? That's the question, and it's the big eternal question before us to-night. On whose side am I? Who do I serve? Now, you may settle it in a moment. Listen: God says, "Give me thine heart." "Commandments," do you hear? If not, then you are not a servant of the most high God.

THE SERVICE THE DEVIL WANTS.

Then, if I am not a servant of God, I am a servant of the devil. That question being settled, let every man in this audience who admits that he does not serve God—will you now go to your master, the devil, and ask him what kind of work he wants you to do? Will you? You wouldn't agree to work for me an hour until you had put that question right straight out, and looked me in the face and said, "Jones, what kind of work do you want me to do?" Now, will you be honest enough with your soul to look the devil right in the face and say, "What sort of work do you want me to do?" That's business. Listen. He wants you to profane the name of God. He wants you to debase your body with whisky; to rebel against God; to do ten thousand things that will lower you in the estimation of your wife, of your children and of your community; to do all sorts of things disrespectful, that are dishonest and dishonoring, and that will finally ruin your soul. Am I right? Law me, not only does he want you to do these things, old fellow, but he has had you at it for years and years. Those pale-faced, sad-eyed fellows, tells the tale stronger than any preacher could tell it, the kind of work the devil has had you at. The devil is like some of the big old slave owners. He has his preferred slaves—those who ate at the white folks' table after they were done. They drove the carriage and wore the top hats, and they were sort of crowd around the other Negroes, and wouldn't mix with them. The devil has a lot of preferred servants. He has a lot of them in this town. My! my! and they live in big houses, ride in fine carriages, take boxes at the theater, and have the biggest kind of a time. The devil is fattening them, and the fattening hog never knew what he was eating corn for [laughter and applause]. If he did, he would never eat another bite. The more he eats the fatter he gets, and the fatter he gets the sooner they'll kill him, don't you see?

Hear me. Whose servant am I? Whenever one of those old rich slave-owners broke he always put those preferred slaves on the block just like he did the rest; and the day is coming when he will put you down in the same hell he puts all the balance of the low-down sinners. The difference between a decent sinner and the one that is going along cursing and ripping and roaring, to hell—they are going to play the gentlemen, and they look around occasionally and tell the others they ought to behave themselves. That's the difference exactly.

Whose servant am I? That's the question. If I am a servant of the devil, go up to him like an honest man and say, "What kind of work do you want me to do?" He wants you to do everything that will degrade you in time and damn you in eternity. If he wants me to do this dishonoring work, what will he pay me for it? Misery, anguish and pangs of conscience, a miserable life and an unhappy death, and a hell for ever and ever. Is that the way he pays them all? If the devil wants the dirty work done that he has got some of you fellows at, don't it look as if he ought to pay well for it? But there is many a man serving him week after week, year after year, boarding himself—he ain't, he is making his poor wife board him, or his folks take care of him. The most despicable man that ever cursed this town is the one that lays around these groceries and these saloons and drinks whisky and haunts other places of sin, and then goes home two or three times a day to have his pale-faced wife feed him every bite he gets to eat. There are a great many such cases in this city—a man boozing with his wife. No patience with it at all. That is one reason I thank God I didn't marry rich. I never boarded a day with my wife. I let her and the children board me. I like that. [Applause.]

You see a fellow stuck up as a saint for his wife it's not a good sign, to say the least of it; never did act as my agent occasionally, if it suits her, but I never have acted as her agent—ain't a going to. Generally, when a man signs himself as agent for his wife it means he has got something covered up that he don't want the world to get at. The man that will be agent for his wife and owe a poor old widow woman a thousand or ten thousand dollars, and she walking around these streets with scarcely shoes to cover her feet, and he riding around in a fine carriage and living in a fine house, if there is any hell this sort of a man will be there. [Applause.] That's my candid judgment.

Well, now, if that is the truth, if I am a servant of the devil, and he only wants me to do the kind of work that is disrespectful, and then pays me the most galling and fearful wages, I was preaching along these lines once when I was a pastor, and there was an old man sitting in the audience nearly 70 years of age, and I said, "This man has served the devil all his life, and now, my old friend, I wish you would take the sermon where I am now and tell us what the devil pays one for seventy years of service to him." He turned round, and twisted, and seemed confused. The next day I met him, and he said, "If I had got up and told that congregation what the wages had been for nearly seventy years of bondage, I would have frightened some of those people so they wouldn't have dared to have gone home in the evening. I can show you a hard heart, and a stiff neck, and a rebellious will, and no hope at all that I will ever be saved; and, in addition to that, the most godless family that ever cursed this world. That's the wages I've got."

Then, again, if I am a servant of the Lord, what kind of work does he want me to do? He only wants me to do those things that will make my wife think more of me; which will raise me in my own estimation; which will lift me from earth to heaven. Is that so? The kind of work the Lord wants me to do is simply to love mercy and do justly, and walk humbly before him, to live soberly, and righteously, and honestly in this present world. Oh, for such delightful work what will he pay me? A man ought to be willing to do such work for nothing. Cash to live on every day, and when you get old, and wrinkled, and gray-headed, God will take you to heaven and give you a crown of everlasting life. Is that true? It is just as true as I am standing here. Isn't it strange there is a servant of the devil in this country if God will give a man cash to live on, and all the rest? That's my doctrine right straight out. There is not a single man in this house to-night who is serving the devil but ought to come right up and stack his arms, and say, "Lord, I surrender. I will not serve the devil another day." [Applause.]

THE DEVIL GIVES HIS BEST FIRST.

What kind of work? Now, brother, listen to me just a moment here along this line. It seems a mystery that when a man looks at the advantages and the beauties and glories of the Christian life, and then the miseries, disgrace and damnation of a sinful life, that men of their own free, deliberate choice, with the light flashing on them, will serve the devil and sink down to hell. Now you say, "What makes them do it?"

I will explain it to you, and I will tell you from my own experience how we are caught. The devil entices us by something that pleases

the eye and that gratifies the mind and the passions at the beginning. In other words, the devil gives the best things he has got right at the beginning, and then they go on getting worse and worse forever. I will illustrate for you.

When I was a boy I stepped across the line of accountability when I was eleven or twelve years of age, and the devil took me by the hand and led me into a large, capacious, and I thought, beautiful palace; and when I walked into that palace with him it was beautiful; it was furnished; it had lace curtains, beautiful pictures hanging on the walls, lovely carpets covered the floors. I looked around; I never saw such charming beauties. When I had examined it he said, "If you will be my servant all this is yours." I looked around again and never felt as easy in there afterwards as I did before. Another time I went out, and when I came back one of those beautiful pictures was gone, and oh, what a blank place it left on the wall! I went out another time, and when I came back one of the windows had been removed, and it was perceptibly darker than it was before. And each successive time I went out of that building, when I returned something I prized was gone; another window and then another door, until the first thing I knew all the windows and the doors were removed except one, and oh, how dark and rayless it was in there! Every piece of furniture gone, all that was beautiful taken out, and I was in that miserable place spending my days. The last door was taken out, except one, and sixteen years ago last August I walked out of that door, and to the bedside of my dying father. He saw me, and with his trembling hand in mine and his eye fixed on my eye, I promised him I never would go back in there again, and from that day to this I have never crossed that threshold.

But a friend of mine stayed a little longer than I did; he remained till the furniture was gone, the doors and windows removed, it was dark, and the walls were coming together—day after day, and hour after hour, and one morning, about three o'clock, as his Christian wife stood over him, the walls of that palace crashed together, and he admitted to his wife in his dying breath that the wages of sin is death.

My, my, what a picture of human life! The devil gives the best he has got first—the best wages. But listen. God gives the worst first. The first cup he gives you is a cup of sorrow, and then the most beautiful strains of music and the sweetest songs, and I turned my eyes toward it, and I saw ten thousand angels winging their way right towards me, and they came near enough to see distinctly who I was and what I was, and they wheeled their course and went off to fight. Just then the most hideous perils and demons, and with noises that pierced through every fiber and nerve of my body, came closer and closer, until they just pounced upon me, and were dragging me to hell, when I woke up and called you a moment ago.

By night, about 1 o'clock, in the most piteous language and horrid delirium, he said, "O wife, drive those devils out of the room; don't let them drag me down to hell before my spirit leaves the body!" And he breathed his last begging his wife to drive the devils from around his dying pillow.

My God, how many of you men that serve such a master all their days, and then are dragged down to death and hell at last!

But right opposite, in another direction, was the sweetest spirited, gentle Christian woman. Oh, what a benediction she was to my church, and what a blessing to the poor! She had means, and was liberal to the poor, and generous, kind to the sick, and helpful to the needy. She had been suffering with touches of lung trouble for several years, and had spent two or three winters in Florida. But that summer, when I was her pastor, she had gotten beyond the help of the balmy atmosphere of the land of sun and flowers, and she was waiting for her turn to come. Oh, how often I have wished that I had been there to see her. The next to the last visit ever paid to her, she said to me, as I sat by her invalid chair:

"My pastor, I dread to die; not that death can harm me, for death is the gate to endless joy, but I am so frail and so weak and so timid that I dread to grapple with the monster."

I said, "My sister, God will give you dying grace, and you will gloriously triumph. Don't trouble about that, for

"Jesus can make a dying bed. Feel soft as downy pillows are; When on his breast we lean our head, And breathe our life out sweetly there."

And I cheered her all I could. The next time I visited her, and it was the last time before she passed away; she motioned all the company to go out of the room, and when they had left she looked at me and said, "Pastor, I am not afraid to die now."

I said, "What has come over the spirit of your dreams?" "Oh," she said, "I will tell you, but I want you to promise me you will never mention it while I live, for the world makes light of such things, but what I say to you now is sacred to me."

I promised her I never would mention it while she lived, and then she said:

"Yesterday I was lying here on my bed, and I threw my handkerchief over my face and I was thinking of heaven. All at once it seemed to me that I was sitting on the moss-covered banks of a beautiful river, and the clear sparkling water was rolling merrily by, and all at once a little boat ran its prow out towards me, and a cherubic oarsman invited me on board. I stepped into the little boat, and it moved off gently, amid the chants of angels and the songs of the redeemed. I left the boat, and they led me to a beautiful arena, and a large crowd of stoups ajar. As we came up to it the door stood ajar, and they carried me in. I felt like a stranger in a strange place, but when they introduced me to the King of the palace, as my eye looked upon him, I recognized him as the world's Redeemer, my precious Saviour; and I threw my arms about his neck and began to praise him for my deliverance, and then I was at home in heaven. And oh! she said, "now I am not afraid to die."

A few more hours had passed. Her husband was sitting near her, and she motioned to him. He walked up to her, and she said, "O husband, I am so happy, so sweetly, so delightfully strange. What is this strange feeling?"

He felt her hand and her arm. It was cold to her body, and he said, "O wife, you are dying!" And she clasped her arms about his neck, impressed a last kiss of love, and said, "It is death, what a glorious thing to die!" And she fell back on her pillow and never breathed another word. And she is the only one that I have had testimony from that they were on the shining shore.

Just eleven days after that the husband of this wife called to me, as I passed his door, and he said, "Our little Annie (and she was the only child of that mother, just to 10 years old) is very ill. Won't you come in and see her?" "I said, 'Yes, I didn't know she was sick.' "Well, she has diphtheria very bad. The doctors have almost lost hope for her."

I walked in, and as I did so the father said, "Darling, here is Mr. Jones, your mother's pastor." (The father was an infidel.) And the little, bright-eyed, sweet darling looked at me, and motioned me to walk up close to her.

earn what God gives you; it is so immeasurably above your deserts, and all that you can do, that God don't call it wages; it is so much more than is due you, he calls it a gift. "The gift of God is eternal life." Thank God! Thank God!

I want to say to you, brother, religion gives more margin than everything else in the world put together. We hear a great deal about margins on this and that; but let me tell you, a man that will walk right up and empty the heart and ashes out of his pockets, as soon as they are empty God fills them up with diamonds—it's the exchange of ashes for diamonds; it's the exchange of the perishable for the imperishable; it's the exchange of earthly things for heavenly things; it's all margin; it's all margin. It's like a little girl who has broken her five-cent doll all to pieces, and she is crying about it, and her father says, "Here is a five-dollar gold piece; buy you a nice doll"; and she gets the nicest doll in town for the little, old, broken-to-pieces one. But the devil has got some of you so blinded you don't know anything.

In the honorable service of God there is manhood and womanhood, eternal riches, and everlasting reward; there is character; there is eternal life.

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now, I preached too long last night, and I am going to wind up this talk to-night with two illustrations that came right under my own eyes as a pastor, and then you can take the question home; and may you get up such a strike in this audience as will make the angels rejoice over the strike we got up on the devil and his kingdom.

Listen. The wages of sin—it is death. The first pastorate I ever had was a circuit, and in the city of where one of our churches stood, and where I lived, there was a man residing, who was the most godless man in all that section of country. He was a guerrilla during the war, and he was a desperate character; always said he would give ten dollars to tear down a church where he would give a dollar to build one. He was a man of great energy, and he placed, rather than give five cents to support one. If the devil ever had a faithful servant on this earth, that was the man. He died while I was pastor there. The afternoon before he died his wife stepped into the room on tiptoe, noiselessly, and as he seemed to be asleep, she went up and when he called her. She went to him and asked:

"What is the matter, husband?" And he said, "Wife, I have had the most horrible dream in all my life."

"What was it?" she said.

"It seemed to me a moment ago that I was out in the edge of an old waste field, helpless and ruined and powerless to move; and all at once I heard the most beautiful strains of music and the sweetest songs, and I turned my eyes toward it, and I saw ten thousand angels winging their way right towards me, and they came near enough to see distinctly who I was and what I was, and they wheeled their course and went off to fight. Just then the most hideous perils and demons, and with noises that pierced through every fiber and nerve of my body, came closer and closer, until they just pounced upon me, and were dragging me to hell, when I woke up and called you a moment ago."

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I walked in, and as I did so the father said, "Darling, here is Mr. Jones, your mother's pastor." (The father was an infidel.) And the little, bright-eyed, sweet darling looked at me, and motioned me to walk up close to her.

I did so, and said to her, "Darling, do you want me to talk to you?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones." "Now, listen to me."

"I said, 'What about?' " "Talk to me about heaven."

"And I stood over the darling child and told her heaven was a bright world, where mamma lived; where she would live and never be separated again, and she would live with God and the angels. And the eyes of little Annie fairly danced like diamonds in her head as I talked to her. In a moment or two the doctors came in, and her father said, 'Darling, the doctors want to cauterize your throat; they want to burn your throat again with caustic.' And she looked up and said, in a whisper, 'O papa, please don't let them burn my throat any more. I won't do any good. Mamma's been calling me all the morning and I want to go.'"

"O darling," he said, "if you go papa won't have any little girl. Won't you stay with papa?"

"Well," she said, "papa, let them burn my throat, but it won't do any good."

In the next minute she was cauterized and burned her throat, and she didn't wince. When the doctors got through she motioned to her father, and she said, "Papa, will you meet me in heaven?" He fell prostrate on the bed by his dying child and wept profusely.

Just at that time four of Annie's class in Sunday-school walked in, for it was Sunday morning and they were on their way to Sunday-school. She spoke to them, and they kissed her, and then she whispered to them and said, "Won't you sing 'Shall we gather at the river?'" When they were singing the chorus after the first verse the sweet spirit of little Annie left the little pile of clay, and went home to live with mother and God forevermore.

"O God, let me live the life of the righteous, and die their happy death; may my last end be like theirs." No people in the world die as Christians do. Thank God, we may all live the life, and we may all die the death of the righteous.

May God give us victory in this life! I have longed for it, I have prayed for it, I have wept for it, I have begged for it, I have preached for it. O Lord, disappoint not our faith, but give us our friends; may they surrender to thee and lead a Christian life. God only knows the burdens I have carried on my heart this past week. O God, give us souls, or we die; give us our neighbors, or we die!

SIERRA VALLEY.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Have you room in your columns for good news from Pilgrim Church? Some weeks ago, Rev. Mr. Crossman, our Methodist minister, having concluded a series of successful meetings at Loyalton, went to Sierra Valley and began work in the M. E. church. Rev. C. E. Philbrook, pastor of Pilgrim church, assisting him. Their labors were very successful. The hearts of those who had been praying for a revival work in this mountain valley were made glad over the number turning to God. On Sunday March 10th, our communion service was held in our new chapel at Sierra Valley. The chapel is a monument to the faith and persevering industry of our pastor, and to the hearty cooperation and generous assistance of others. Communion services in Pilgrim church must of necessity be held at irregular seasons, as our members live remote from each other, and many of them are burdened with farm cares, while inclement weather often prevents our gathering together. Upon this occasion more than one family were there with their little children, who had ridden twenty miles or more to be present. Others were there from half that distance. The sermon upon this occasion was just such a one as would fill one's ideas of a helpful discourse for those who, having accepted the Lord Jesus, were finding stumbling blocks in the way of making public profession of their faith in Him.

"Burdens were lifted or were laid; Paths were straightened or were made."

When the opportunity was given that those who desired might unite with the church, and the professing Christians in the audience were invited to take seats in the front of the chapel to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it seemed as if a large share of the congregation passed forward—those who had been for years of the household of faith; others who, having once tasted of the good word of life, had returned to the weak and beggarly elements of this world, but who had, during the late revival, been healed of their backslidings; and still others, who had lately become learners in the school of Him who has invited us all to come unto Him, all with earnest purpose written on their faces. Of the fifteen or more who united with the church, several were well on in the afternoon of life. One was young, and brought a religious experience, the outgrowth of Christian prayers and Christian home-culture. Among those uniting were several who had lived most correct lives, and whose sympathies were receptive and responsive. To have them publicly consecrate their lives to the Savior, was a source of deep gratitude. The larger share of those casting in their lot with the people of God were the heads of families. The greater number of them received the sacrament of baptism. A number of children were consecrated to God. Three of the mothers who were themselves baptized gave one or more of their children to God in baptism. Those living in communities where the sympathies of the people are generally turned toward the best things, and those who are not themselves professed followers of the Master are yet in accord with others who are stepping heavenward, can hardly understand what this occasion was to the scattered members of Pilgrim Church. Old men wept, eyes were shining, hearts were deeply thankful and rejoicingly glad. Though the people in our mountain valley are of warm sympathies, and abounding in kind and helpful deeds, to have so many of them take an interest in these best things was great joy to the band of Christian workers here.

A mother in Israel reminded me how we, who have felt ourselves built up in the most holy faith, must be helpful to others who have but just begun the only

real living, assisting them to outgrow the limitations of that part of their lives when they were strangers to the Lord Jesus Christ.

To our pastor and his estimable wife, who have labored so earnestly with an eye single to winning others to a knowledge of the life which is hid with Christ in God, this turning to the Master of so many of this people, this gathering in to the folds of the two churches where their labors and cooperation were so sorely needed, is a cause of unspeakable gratitude.

"O weary hearts, take no umbrage; With faith and patience wait; Though sown to blossom early, Full many joys bloom late."

MARY P. ARMS.
BECKWORTH, Plumas Co. Cal.

The Farmer's Voice says that a law has been recently passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.



Children's Department.

RAIN.

Oh, the dancing leaves are merry,
And the blossoming grass is glad!
But the river's too rough for the ferry,
And the sky is low and sad.

Yet the daisies shake with laughter
As the merry wind goes by,
For they know what he's hurrying after,
As they watch the dim, gray sky;

The clovers are rosy with saying
(The buttercups bend to hear)—
"Oh, be patient, it's only delaying—
Be glad, for it's very near!"

The blushing pimpernel closes—
"Oh! what is the use of showers?"
And down in the garden the roses
Smile out from their lattice of leaves.

Such gladness has stirred the flowers!
Yet children only complain—
"Oh! what is the use of showers?"
"Oh! why does it ever rain!"

—St. Nicholas.

TOMMY BROWN: IS HE IN YOUR SCHOOL?

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, large, hollow eyes and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpracticed manner that women sometimes cut boy's hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old come next April. I've learnt to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap, with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said: "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin' an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out:

"Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another said, "You must sleep in the ragbag at night, by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "old St. Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery, he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble, she found the place where he lived, and two of the W. C. T. U. women went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house, in a street near the river. The family lived in the back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies climbed the outside stairs that led to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered, they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a washtub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty. But the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a listless, uninterested manner; then, taking a chair herself, she said:

"Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby, that she laid in its mother's lap—a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed, as she held the child to her breast.

This room was the place where the family ate, slept and lived. There was no carpet on the floor; an old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner; in the opposite corner a trundle-bed—that was all.

"Where is your little boy, Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this, the mother laid her head on the baby's face, while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the washtubs, and things like that."

"Is his father dead?"

"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now—and that ain't much—goes for drink. If he'd only let me have what little I make over the washtub. But half the time he takes that away from me, and then the children go hungry."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to help take care of Sissy and baby and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him go. I can't ever forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer!" Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly, and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "Don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. It seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd a' been sick, anyway. But, oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor, little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollowed eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said:

"Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half-whispered: "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And may be if I'm right there where God is, I can keep reminding him of mother, and he'll make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and said, in a low tone: "Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then."

Then he shut his eyes from weariness. The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums and alleys in town in country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded; who are cold and hungry in this Christian land; whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness. And yet "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business, and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, it was also said:

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."—Common School Education.

AS TO BREATHING.

A boy, fourteen years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed in the following as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was, "Tell all you can about breathing." He said:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath, we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole, and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I had rather be a boy, so I can run and holler, and run and have a great big diaphragm."—Washington Star.

A JOURNEY TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Let us for a moment suppose certain railways to be built—one round the world in a perfect circle, others to various points in the solar system. And, we will further suppose, that the trains on these railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any required length of time; that their passengers could do without food or could be supplied with an abundance of it; that the bodies of such passengers could be made capable of enduring the various changes of air, temperature, and other climatic conditions, to which they would be exposed.

And, on our world, this kind of travel would be comparatively easy, and would take next to no time. In twenty-four hours the passenger could travel 1,440 miles, or considerably farther than from New York to Chicago; in forty-eight hours he could travel as far as from Boston to Liverpool; and in less than seven days he could go round the world. But, as regards the journeys in space, a difficulty in most cases insuperable would stand in the way. In order to visit any but a very few of the nearest bodies in space, the travelers on our celestial railways would need to have their lives very greatly prolonged. Were they to set out for any distant part of the system, they all would die before they had fairly begun their journey. A voyage to the moon, to Venus, or to Mars, would, under the above conditions, be possible; to any other body in the system it would be impossible.

The journey to the moon would be comparatively short. Our companion is distant about 240,000 miles; or, in round numbers, its distance contains ten times as many miles as are contained in the earth's circumference.

Traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 166 and 167 days to reach the journey's end. Compared with other heavenly distances, this is a mere nothing; but, compared with the distances actually traversed by the average man, it is very great indeed. Few ever travel at sixty miles an hour, and then only for short periods, and at considerable intervals. Many, probably the majority, of those who live to a good old age cover less than 240,000 miles during their whole lives. A great traveler might do it in, say, fifteen years. For even a conductor or engineer of an express train, it would require several years.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking. We have seen that a succession of the longest journeys over this earth would form but short and passing episodes in a lifetime. We have seen that, on one of our imaginary railways, the traveler would circle the world in less than three weeks. We have seen, not only that a journey to the moon is quite possible to the passengers by our celestial railway, but that equal and even greater distances are often traveled on earth. But a trip to Venus would be a very different matter. Venus, as already stated, is about 26,000,000 miles away; or, at sixty miles an hour, without stopping, she is distant a journey not of three weeks, or six months, but of some fifty years. On the imaginary railway, such a journey would be possible, for a great many persons live longer than fifty years. But, in real life, no one ever has traveled, and no one ever will travel, anything like so far. No human being ever has traveled 5,000,000 miles; and it is safe to say that no one ever will. To complete this measure of journeying would require an average of 100,000 miles a year for fifty years. Some few, perhaps, in all their lives, may have traveled 1,000,000 miles, but these are probably very rare exceptions. So we see that no one ever has lived who has traveled more than a small part of the distance to Venus. Yet, compared with other bodies in the system, this star may be said to be almost a next-door neighbor.—St. Nicholas.

TWO CALIFORNIAN DOGS.

An old Californian was telling me recently of a dog who lived in the early days at San Francisco, and who rejoiced in the strange name of "Bode." When, or how, or by whom he had been christened no one knew, but every one was fond of "Bode."

He was a mongrel with rough, shaggy hair, and no points of beauty, but with an independence and pluck that made him friends among the pioneers of that day. He did not own a single master, but half the city claimed him, and he was the affectionate friend of hundreds.

Such an unsettled condition of affairs would have made an outcast and a straggler of an Eastern dog, but not so with Bode. While he was known to so many and had no particular home, yet he had a habit which amounted to a settled custom as to his daily actions, and which gave him a recognized place in the bustling town.

He followed a regular route of visits, calling for his breakfast at one house, for his dinner at the next, and for his supper at the third; then going on to the fourth, fifth and sixth the next day, and so on, through street after street in a circuit, which it took him months to complete.

No amount of petting, no offer of tempting food could change this habit, and for some years Bode continued it without deviation. His temper was good, but occasionally he was driven to fight by other dogs, and when he did the battle was a severe one. It was his reputation that he had never been whipped.

One morning in November, as the China steamer left her dock, and before

she was fairly under way, a magnificent Newfoundland came racing down Montgomery street, and rushed out to the extreme edge of the dock, looking after the steamer and barking wildly.

His master was on board, and the poor dog knew it; but it was too late; he could not reach him, and all day long, a stranger in a strange city, the great, handsome Newfoundland sat upon the wharf and gazed mournfully out upon the blue bay.

For two days the faithful animal thus remained, taking no food, and only walking about a little and moaning. The dock men were becoming afraid that he was sick, or that grief might drive him mad, when Bode appeared on the scene. He made the acquaintance of the Newfoundland, and seemed at once to thoroughly understand his case.

After a few moments of trotting up and down, doubtless talking in dog-fashion, the two left the wharf together, Bode guiding his new friend to his own dining-place, where he saw that he was supplied with a bountiful repast; and from that day the animals were inseparable.

"Lazarus," as the Newfoundland was christened, had not half the energy of Bode, nor, indeed, the pluck, for if attacked he generally ran away, leaving Bode to settle the dispute; but he was handsome and good-natured, and readily adapted himself to the customs of his rescuer, especially as those customs meant three good meals each day.

Both dogs became as well known as any of the prominent business men of the town, and for nearly three years they were always to be seen together, Bode evidently the leading spirit, caring for and protecting his companion. Then came a change. Lazarus fell sick, and after moping for a few days, crouched in a corner and died.

Poor Bode! He stood near his dead friend and defended his cold body from any intruder, canine or human, for almost a week, refusing all food himself; then, as the end approached, he curled beside his old companion and quietly slept his life away, also, evidently dying from starvation and a broken heart.

The rough miners and frontiersmen, who made that far-away city their home, buried the two in one grave, and placed above them a neat head-board, on which was written, "Lazarus and Bode, Faithful Friends."—Wide Awake.

THE INVALID AND THE VIOLINIST.

An old and infirm soldier was playing his violin one evening on the Prater, in Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat in which passers-by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question, nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Everyone went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old soldier's heart, and showed itself in his withered countenance.

However, all at once, a well-dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listened to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long, the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him farther. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands, and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold, and said, "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then, having carefully tuned it, he said, "You take the money, and I'll play."

He did play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician, and captivated by his marvelous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold—was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl, for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience, the invalid emptied its contents into his sack, and they filled it again.

After a national melody, in which every one present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and, without waiting to be thanked, disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked on all sides.

"It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin-player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent round his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher!"

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven, and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, placed for a long time above the reach of want; and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy which always repays the bestowal of charity.—The Angelus.

The laborer who pays the saloonist twenty cents per day for four glasses of beer, or two glasses of whisky, spends seventy-three dollars annually for the beverage. With this money, as prices now are, he could purchase six barrels of flour, two hundred pounds of sugar, twenty-five bushels of potatoes, ten pounds of tea, and twenty-five pounds of coffee. So far as these several articles are concerned, the above amount would be an ample annual supply for a family of six persons, perhaps a family of eight, parents and six children. Now, which had he better use, the beer and whisky, or the groceries? Which would be economical proof of real paternal affection?—St. Louis Presbyterian.

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MARCUS WHITMAN, M.D.—XXX.

EMIGRATION OF 1843 (8).

This emigration outnumbered all of the Hudson Bay Company employees and Red River emigrants, and showed our Government that an emigration could reach the Columbia river, so that after that the Americans had no idea of allowing any of the country south of the present line, which divides Washington Territory from British Columbia, to fall into the hands of Great Britain. It actually saved the country to the United States.

Judge William Strong, in an address before the Oregon Pioneer Society in 1878, said:

"The arrival of the emigration of 1843 may be considered the turning point in the history of Oregon. It gave the American population in the Territory control of its civil affairs, attracted the attention and excited the interest of the citizens and public authorities of the United States in this then almost unknown land, and thus contributed materially to the determination of the boundary question. It made Oregon of too great importance to permit diplomacy to trifle it away. It brought to the valley a large band of improved horses and cattle. It afforded the settlers the means of making themselves at home in the country, and filled their hearts with hopes of being again surrounded by American citizens."

And Honorable Elwood Evans, in a letter to the writer, says:

"We zealously unite in ascribing to that visit the greatest result in the future of Oregon; the grandest services to that large train; the importance that flowed from his successful leading of that train through the Columbia with their wagons. Those results, those conclusions, are glorious to Dr. Whitman's memory."

This determined which of the two countries should hold the country by right of settlement. Nor did his influence cease with the year's emigration. The success of this company in reaching Oregon induced another company to start the next year. Says Mrs. C. S. Pringle, who came in 1844, after speaking of Dr. Whitman's marking the route and guiding the emigrants of 1843: "So well known was this fact in the Western States that Whitman and Oregon were the watch-words of the emigration of 1844." So his influence goes on down from year to year and from generation to generation, and will be felt on this Northwest Coast as long as time shall last. "He being dead yet speaketh."

There at Fort Hall the final conquest was made, which resulted in the United States obtaining possession of a good share, at least, of this Northwest Coast. Previous to 1836, when Dr. Whitman came to the coast, in nearly every contest which the Americans had had with the British subjects here they had been defeated. Several fur companies, among which were the Pacific Fur Company, with John Jacob Astor at its head; the Missouri Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, Wyeth's Salmon Cannery and Trading Company, Captain Bonneville, and others, which swelled the number to eleven, according to Gray's "History of Oregon," had fought the battle with the Hudson Bay Company and retired defeated. The American Society for Encouraging Settlements in the Oregon Territory, with Hall J. Kelly at its head, had lost \$30,000 and retired from the field. Astoria, built in 1811, before the Hudson Bay Company were here, and Fort Hall, built in 1834, by N. J. Wyeth, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Thus, previous to 1834, every American effort was defeated. In that year Rev. Jason Lee and others crossed the continent, and, though it was not in their first plan, actually began a settlement in the Willamette, which greatly assisted in the final victory. The same year Rev. Samuel Parker began to arouse the Congregational and Presbyterian churches and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in regard to missions on this Coast, and the next winter found Dr. Whitman and interested him in the work. Then it was that the tide began to turn in favor of the United States. In 1836, when Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman crossed the Rocky mountains, the first white women who ever did so, it was a victory. When, during the same journey, Dr. Whitman brought the first wagon that ever broke the sage-brush from Fort Laramie to Fort Boise, it was another victory. When, four years later, Dr. Robert Newell and company took three wagons to Walla Walla, the enemy was again overcome. When, again, Dr. Whitman made his journey East in 1843, through terrible suffering, and gave such information at Washington that the opinions of the rulers as to the value of the country and the possibility of reaching it with wagons was changed, still another victory was won. But the results of all these would have been well nigh or completely lost had Captain Grant at Fort Hall induced the emigration of 1843 to do as he wished. There was no flourish of trumpets or sound of drums, no rattle of musketry or roar of cannon at that battle. The contest was simply between two men, and was a battle of brains and diplomacy, but the results of it were greater than oftentimes when many thousands have been slain. Each of the parties felt in a measure the responsibility, and Whitman won.

Fort Hall was built nine years previous by an American, but in the contest between the trading companies quickly fell into the hands of the British. Now it was the scene of another contest, when settlements, not furs, were at stake, and the Americans gained the victory. All

that was done after this was simply to gather up the spoils and make the treaty of peace. And when, in 1846, the treaty was signed between Great Britain and the United States, it was simply writing in an official way what had been written *de facto* three years previous at Fort Hall.

Says Dr. William Barrows, in his Oregon address:

"In later days, when the spirit of war was aroused for the whole of Oregon or war, the question was raised whether it was to be taken under the walls of Quebec or on the Columbia. Neither was the place. Oregon was taken at Fort Hall; for it will be seen that from this time the grand result in the Oregon case was no longer an open and doubtful issue; only details and minor adjustments required attention."

Dr. Whitman took the same view of affairs, for he wrote to his Missionary Board April 1, 1847, as follows: "I often reflect on the fact that you told me you were sorry that I came (East). It did not then, nor has it since, altered my opinion in the matter. American interests acquired in the country, which the success of the immigration of 1843 alone did, and could have secured, have become the foundation of the late treaty between England and the United States in regard to Oregon, for it may be easily seen what would have become of American interests in the country had the emigration of 1843 been as disastrous as were the emigrations of 1845 and 1846," both of those years his route having been abandoned for another.

"The disaster was great again last year to those who left the track which I made for them in 1843, as it has been in every attempt to improve it. Not that it cannot be improved, but it demonstrates what I did in making my way to the States in the winter of 1842-43, after the 3d of October. It was to open a practical route and safe passage, and secure a favorable report of the journey from emigrants, which, in connection with other objects, caused me to leave my family and brave the toils and dangers of the journey, notwithstanding the unusual severity of the winter and the great depth of snow."

And again, October 18, 1847, about six weeks before his death, he wrote to the same Board: "Two things, and it is true those which were the most important, were accomplished by my return to the States. By means of the establishment of the wagon road, which is due to that effort alone, the emigration was secured and saved from disaster in the fall of 1843. Upon that event the present acquired rights of the United States by her citizens hung. And not less certain is it that upon the result of emigration to this country the present existence of this mission and of Protestantism hung, also."

And in England the same view has been taken. A writer in the *British Colonial Magazine* said: "By a strange and unpardonable oversight of the local officers, missionaries from the United States were allowed to take religious charge of the population, and these artful men lost no time in introducing such a number of their countrymen as reduced the influence of the British settlers to complete insignificance."

Says Senator Benton ("Thirty Years' View," p. 469): "So far as the action of the Government was concerned, it operated to endanger our title to the Columbia, to prevent emigration, and to incur loss of the country." His first reason given was because the question was not settled in 1818; second, because it was not settled in 1828; third, nor in 1842; and fourth, because of the recommendation of President Tyler, discountenancing emigration to Oregon by withholding the land from emigrants until the two Governments should settle the title to the country. This title being thus endangered, "the saving of the country devolved upon the people, and they saved it." In 1842 [1843] upwards of a thousand went to the country, and in 1843 [1844] some two thousand more. Hence, Rev. H. H. Spalding was not far from the truth when he wrote that, when the rear of Dr. Whitman's caravan emerged "from the western shades of the Blue Mountains upon the plains of the Columbia, the greatest work was finished ever accomplished by one man for Oregon."

Hon. S. A. Clarke adds: "While he was on terms of intimacy and the kindest feeling with Dr. McLaughlin and many others of the British party, it is nevertheless true that he did more to break their prestige than all others combined. They knew and understood his sentiments, and respected him for holding them and living up to them. He was a remarkable man, and only such a man could have sustained such personal relations, and have pursued such an effective policy to overthrow British rule. His presence in Oregon at that time was a providence that we may well appreciate who reside in the land that he did so much for; a land that possesses every gift nature can bestow, and whose people should remember suitably to honor the memory of Marcus Whitman. When the hour came that Oregon needed a champion, he was raised up to enact the part, 'the hour and the man.'"

"It is forty years, to this very year, Since the first bold wagon train, With man's deep vow and woman's tear, Struggled across the plain. Brave Whitman piloted the way, As on four months they pressed, They pass the plains with summer day, With autumn gain the West."

—S. A. Clarke, in *Willamette Farmer*, 1883.

Heaven is merciful to the poor man, and reserves the faded palate for the rich.

HAWAIIAN LEPROSY.

An efficient Board of Health on the Hawaiian Islands is undertaking to segregate all the lepers on the Islands from the rest of the population, and locate them at the leper settlement at Molokai. During the past eighteen months 767 have been sent there. The present leper population of the settlement numbers about 1,250. Says *The Friend*:

"We should guess that 100 more will be found during the next six months; probably 150 besides are infected, but undeveloped, making 1,500 lepers in these islands, which is four per cent. of the natives, or one and three-fourths per cent. of the whole population. The disease is substantially confined to the natives. Our experience here shows that there is little or no danger of infection from leprosy to persons of cleanly habits. The disease spreads among the natives because they do not fear it, but live in intimate contact with lepers, just as if they were not diseased. It would be perfectly safe to keep a relative afflicted with this disease on your premises, provided that personal contact and common use of utensils, furniture and clothing were strictly avoided. This, however, is practically impossible even in the most civilized households, especially where young children are about. Lepers themselves appear to especially revolt against submitting to any distinction when at large, but seem inclined to push themselves upon their neighbors, and to resent their personal contact being shunned. Another fact contributing to the indifference of the natives to the disease is its very mild character. It is not virulent, acute, or even painful, except in its later stages, when the vital organs are obstructed in their action. It is an *anesthetic* malady. We have seen men engaged in hard labor, many of whose finger-joints had dropped off. This had been painless, and the stumps had healed over. The foreigner rightly dreads and abhors it as a loathsome, disabling and incurable disease. The leper settlement at Molokai is now in excellent condition. There is plenty of garden ground, which is more or less tilled, although the people live chiefly on the ample government rations. Water has been laid on by pipes throughout the settlement. They have plenty of horses and pasture, with some fifteen hundred acres of space in which they are free, including four miles of seashore. The scenery of sea and mountain is superb. The peninsula has always been a favorite residence of natives, and populous. But for isolation, and separation from kindred, the lepers are generally far better off than in their own homes. The spiritual wants of the Catholics among them are supplied by the two French priests, one of whom, the noted Father Damien, is now disabled by leprosy. The Protestants have always enjoyed the aid of one or more native pastors themselves sent there as lepers, as well as of many intelligent deacons or elders."

THE HAWAIIAN BOARD.

[From *The Friend* we publish the following information regarding this Board:]

"The 'Hawaiian Board' is more correctly the 'Board of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association.' That Association is composed of the pastors from all the islands, representatives of island associations, old missionaries and a few other individuals in Christian work. It meets annually, and among other duties chooses a board to act as the executive committee of the Association, in the direction of all the Home and Foreign Missionary work of the churches, inclusive of education and publication. This Board receives and disburses all the contributions of the churches and of other persons for the various branches of the work under their charge. The Secretary and Treasurer are elected annually by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association."

The organization of the Board for the current year stands as follows:

Hon. A. F. Judd, President; Hon. H. Waterhouse, Vice President; Rev. C. M. Hyde, D.D., Recording Secretary; Rev. O. P. Emerson, Corresponding Secretary; W. W. Hall, Treasurer; P. C. Jones, Auditor.

There are Standing Committees on Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Publications, Education, *Morning Star* and on Appropriations from A. B. C. F. M. The Corresponding Secretary is the right hand of the Board. His work is multifarious and arduous, involving constant correspondence with churches and pastors, with boards, and publishing bodies abroad, and with missionaries in Marquesas and Micronesia—also frequent visitation of the different islands. He is *ex-officio* member of each Standing Committee, and brings its work before it.

The Board as above constituted and organized is the working committee of the evangelical churches in these islands. It has long enjoyed the confidence of those churches, and they respond promptly to its calls for aid. It also superintends the expenditure of all grants from the American Board in aid of work here and some in Micronesia. The whole amount of funds annually passing through the Treasurer's hands is nearly \$20,000. Of this amount, about \$9,000 are contributed in these islands."

The Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Emerson, recently passed through San Francisco. He was present at our Monday Club and called at our office. He is therefore not a stranger to us, and we shall hear of the work of the society which he represents with great interest.

To-morrow is too late; decide to-day.

Miscellany.

PRAYER FOR GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
Oh, let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drops from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work, too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

Oht come, for Thou dost know the way;
Or, if it to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.

—George Herbert.

A REACTION FROM DARWINISM.

A recent number of the *Forum* contained an essay by W. S. Lilly to show that the moral standard of the English-speaking peoples has been lowered by reason of the acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine as applied to morals. In the March number one of the earliest and strongest critics of the theory of natural selection, for whose criticism Darwin himself had great respect—Professor St. George Mivart, author of "The Genesis of Species"—in an even more direct way attacks the Darwinian theory. After saying that Mr. Darwin has exercised an influence over men's minds, with respect to the most important question that man has to investigate, "probably greater than that of any writer since St. Paul," he advances arguments to show that "the mere light of natural science is fatal to the opinion that natural selection has been the origin of species, and that the inorganic world itself must be full of intelligent volition and hidden design."

"Mr. Darwin," Professor Mivart continues, "by his hypothesis sought to account by natural selection for the world of living nature as we see it, including—and avowedly and expressly including—the mind of man. His doctrine is clear and unequivocal. He tells us again and again that he sees no distinction of kind between our highest intellectual faculties and the feelings of a brute, and affirms that his doctrine rests upon grounds which will never be shaken. The assertion of the 'bestiality of man' is of the essence of his idea; for, without it, he tells us, he 'would give absolutely nothing for the theory of natural selection'; we have 'to reject all or admit all.' In spite, then, of the evils which have resulted and will result from Mr. Darwin's teaching, I am convinced that a deep debt of gratitude is due to him for forcing upon men such an investigation. By a perfectly fearless and free inquiry of this kind, and a very brief one, reason will, I am confident, be justified, and the true meaning of natural selection be disclosed."

A missionary, writing from Africa to the Wesleyans of England, makes this touching appeal: "What is it that our people want to stir them to come forward to the 'help of the Lord against the mighty'? Are not Englishmen the same as when Wilberforce stirred every heart in the cause of the liberation of the slave, or when Plimsoll roused the sympathy of all by his record of dangerously unseaworthy vessels? I feel that the answer is 'Yes!' Well, then, let me, in the name of Christ and dying humanity, plead for Africa and her missions. Here are slaves by thousands, not merely family slaves, but in bitter, crushing, cruel bondage; here are wars yearly waged with no other object than the slavery of its captives, and beyond this they are bound down by the slavery of heathenism, and only Christ can subdue these fierce hearts and break these powerful shackles. Here are unseaworthy barges—indeed, whole ship's companies—sinking forever. Shall we not send out the life-boat of salvation to save these?"

While the water is quiet, the mud lies at the bottom; but when it is disturbed, it rises to the top. Every cock-boat can swim in a shallow river; but it must be a strong vessel that ploughs the troubled ocean. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." He gives before He takes, and takes but what He gives. The hour-glass of outward happiness soon runs out. To-day Job is the richest man in all the east; to-morrow Job is the poorest man in all the world; yet his heart was like a fruitful paradise when his estate was like a barren wilderness. Though God burnt up his outhouse, yet his palace was left standing. Outward mercies are like the tide, which ebbs as well as flows; like the skies, which sometimes is clear, and at another time clouded; or like a budding flower, which a warm day opens, and a cold shuts again. If God bless us in taking as well as in giving, let us bless Him for taking, as well as for giving.—*Rev. William Secker.*

The families of intemperate parents furnish the recruiting ground for insane asylums. These unfortunate children, if not idiots or epileptics, are liable to grow up with querulous, explosive tempers, with feeble powers of self-guidance, weak in temptation, unstable, self-indulgent, vicious, hysterical. They form the bulk of what are known as the defective classes.—*Dr. W. H. May, Supt. Insane Asylum, Stockholm.*

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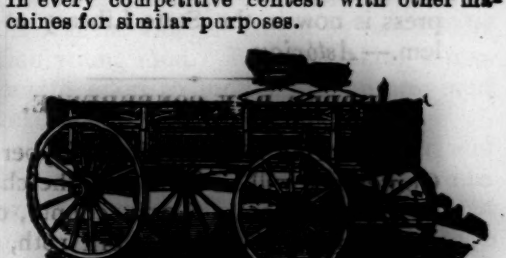
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NEWS BRIEVITIES.

The *Friend* reports the thermometer at 55 degrees on the 19th of February, the "lowest of the season," at Honolulu.

The heathen emperor of China teaches America a worthy lesson when he says: "I will never consent that the State shall seek profit from the suffering and degradation of the people." But from a purely financial standpoint the license policy is "penny wise and pound foolish."

—A. A. Phelps.

The American Sunday-school Union reports as work done in the southwest department for the ten months ending January 1st, the following: New schools planted, 505; containing teachers, 2,537; containing scholars, 20,265; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 5,172; families visited, 4,890.

Mississippi Masons in a recent session pronounced against the saloon by unanimously sustaining the action of Grand Master Evans in arresting the charters of lodges disregarding the resolution passed at their last general meeting, that no saloon-keeper could remain in fellowship with the Masonic body.

Mrs. John Crosby Brown, of New York, has presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art her rich collection of musical instruments. The collection comprises in all 266 pieces. There are similar collections at Berlin, Paris and Vienna, but it is said that none are finer or more complete than that of Mrs. Brown.

The first printing office on the Pacific Coast was built by the two missionaries Whitman and Spalding, who settled on Lapwai Creek, a branch of the Clearwater, and twelve miles above Lewiston, Idaho. The house, still standing, was originally a two-story building, though only the ground floor remains, made of logs and shakes. It is now used by the Indians for a stable. In this building the first printing office west of the mountains on the Pacific Coast was established. The material was originally sent by the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston, in 1839, to the Sandwich Islands, and in 1840 was presented by the first native church of Hawaii to the Lapwai Mission. E. O. Hall came along with it to set the type. The press is now in the State Library at Salem.—*Asstorian*.

UPPER BAY CONFERENCE.

The spring meeting of the Upper Bay Conference will be held with the church at Clayton, Contra Costa county, commencing on Tuesday, April 16th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Churches in Contra Costa and Solano counties will please take note thereof. They are entitled to representation thereat by pastor and two delegates. Please forward names of delegates as soon as possible to Rev. E. D. Hale, Clayton.

THE PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, April 16th.—2 P. M., organization; 2:30 devotional exercises; 3, reports of churches; 4, children's hour; 5, devotional exercises; 5:15, recess; 7:30, reports of Y. P. S. C. E.; 8, sermon by Rev. T. M. Oviatt.

Wednesday, April 17.—8:30 A. M., devotional exercises; 8:50, business; 9:15, reports of churches; 10:15, topic, "Co-operation of the Church," opened by Rev. A. T. Hitchcock; 11, topic, "Moody's Methods of Evangelism," "Advantages and Disadvantages," opened by Dr. Wiley; 11:45, celebration of Lord's Supper; 12:15, adjournment.

GEORGE MORRIS, Registrar.

Rev. J. H. Roberts of the Kalgau Mission, North China, with his wife and three children, sailed on the *Belgia* March 20th. After a stay of ten years in North China, Mr. Roberts and family returned to their native country about eighteen months ago. Mr. H. N. Frazier, wife and four children, go out with Mr. Roberts; also Miss Mary S. Morrell, who has taken much interest in teaching Chinese in the second parish church, Portland, Maine. She attended the Congregational mission on Brenham Place on Sunday, and at the close of the services was invited to address the Chinese audience, which she did with much feeling.

The *Herald of Truth*, a semi-monthly paper published and edited by Rev. Dr. G. S. Abbott for nearly ten years, and representing the Baptist denomination on this Coast, has been sold to Rev. J. H. Garnett & Co., who intend, in June, to issue it as a weekly. Dr. Abbott has done good work with this paper, which he has packed with information and wise thoughts. He has always been a brother beloved. Of his successors we have no personal knowledge. We hope to see this organ of a sister denomination kept up to its high standard, and more.

The *California Voice* comes out in new and improved form, with Captain A. D. Wood and Rev. Geo. Morris as editors and proprietors, and W. S. Morris as Business Manager. Captain Wood has for some time published the *Censor* at Los Angeles, which is now united with the *Voice*. These friends and strong advocates of Prohibition are determined to keep the question before the people, until they see and do the right by suppressing the vile saloon, which is an unmitigated curse. God give success speedily!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, APRIL 7.

MARK 11: 1-11.

BY REV. H. E. JEWETT.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

"Dare we utter our hosannas to the Son of David, who is going to Calvary?" Yet Christ was on his way to his cross, when he descended the western slope of the Mount of Olives and received the homage of the multitude. Continuing his course from Jericho, Jesus and the multitude thronging him approached Bethphage, a little town near Bethany, where, in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, Jesus often rested. It was to Bethphage, apparently, that he sent two of his disciples, whose names are not revealed to us, with instructions to secure a donkey on which he might ride down the slopes of Olivet, and enter for the last time the great city of David.

He who saw Nathaniel when he was under the fig tree (John i: 48), although he was not near him, foresaw the tying of the colt in Bethphage by its owners, and their consent to its use by him. Their ready consent to the borrowing of the young donkey and its mother (Luke xix: 33-34; Matt. xxi: 2-3) indicates that they knew of Jesus and were friendly to him. There is pleasure in having something, even a donkey, that could be of service to the Master. Gold they had not, probably; a home they could not offer him; no great offering was within their reach. They had a donkey, but they never had thought that it would be wanted by the Lord. But the little animal could save him a weary walk, could rest his tired feet, could separate him in a measure from the jostling crowd—the Lord had need of him. What have we that the Lord hath need of? What have we that we are willing and glad to offer him? Not much, perhaps, but something; nothing that it seems to us the Lord of all the earth could desire; yet he needs, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the least of one of his disciples, our offerings, our service, some part of our possessions, "a cup of cold water only"; and, as we cannot meet him on the slopes of Olivet, we may render service to him where we are by ministering in his name to his disciples. To our Western eyes it is a strange picture—Jesus riding in triumph on a donkey; but, in the far East, it is more common to see donkeys than horses. In all the years from Isaiah to Christ, Egypt might trust in horses (Is. xxxi: 1); Assyria might gain her triumphs "with chariots, wagons and wheels" (Ezek. xlii: 24); but the prediction was, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass!" (Zech. ix: 9.)

As the horse represented the martial spirit of heathen nations, so the ass, or donkey, represented the peaceful reign of the Prince of Peace. This was the hour of the Saviour's triumph. He had been maligned, persecuted, driven from Nazareth and Capernaum, and watched with jealous eyes in Jerusalem. Now he enters the latter city a King—the King long looked for. "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord!" shout the loyal subjects of this Prince, as they hold aloft branches of palm—emblem of victory—and carpet the rocky trail with their own garments. "Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!" (Luke xix: 38.) Stop these shouts! Rebuke thy disciples! cry the ever-complaining Pharisees. "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out." (Luke xix: 40.) Jesus accepted the homage of the people. He acknowledged himself "as the king that cometh in the name of the Lord." The cry is still raised, "You go too far in worshipping Jesus as Lord." There are those whose chief preaching is in rebuke of those who shout, "Hosannah! Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" But still the volume of praise ascends; homage to Christ as King increases. Where are we to be found, among the disciples who held high the branches of palm, or among those who follow along the pathway of Jesus only to rebuke his disciples for their enthusiasm? Luke alone (xix: 41-44) tells us that, as he drew near to the city, he wept over it—weeping at the thought of its rejection of him, of its consequent destruction, and of his tender love for it—a love spurned and derided.

Matthew and Luke tell us that upon entering the temple the Saviour purified it by casting out those who had defiled it by their avaricious practices. He was not indifferent to the sanctity of God's house. He could not consent to see it the house of prayer and of Mammon. He has taught us clear distinctions between things lawful and unlawful, things fitting and incongruous, things holy and unholy. And if these distinctions appear in reference to places like the temple, with much more clearness do they appear with reference to character. "Defile not the temple of God, which temple are ye."

Mr. C. S. Adama Van Scheltema, a minister of the reformed church at Amsterdam, Holland, is one of the most active temperance workers in the foreign field. His pen is always busy for the cause, and through his efforts, temperance tracts and pamphlets are scattered far and wide. He says that public speakers are sadly needed among the people, that most of the women oppose the work, and that ministers are generally indifferent. But the children are being taught in Bands of Hope and some evangelists have appeared.

We can thus greatly increase the sum total of our contributions and add vastly to the interest of our work, to say nothing of the benefit conferred upon the gentlemen themselves. They cannot afford to be left out of the great reckoning that is

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Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1339 Harrison street, Oakland.
Secretary, Miss Grace E. Barnard, 677 Twenty-first street, Oakland.
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ORGANIZED MAY, 1888.
President, Mrs. E. Cash, 927 Temple St., Los Angeles.
Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 426, Pasadena.
Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Bangs, 78 North Griffin Avenue, East Los Angeles.

ORGANIZATION.

We are living in an atmosphere of organization. There probably never was a time in the world's history when society, in all its multiplied phases, was so moved to express itself in organization as at the present time. The past twenty-five years have been remarkable in this respect, as well as many others. We do not need to run over the list of organizations that have come into being in this time. Every thinking person at once recalls not only the "Trades Unions" of both sexes, but the wonderful variety of philanthropic and Christian organizations that have sprung up in the same time.

Conspicuous among these are the organizations of women, some of which have come to be powers that are recognized the world over; as the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the various Foreign Missionary Boards. One of the latest and perhaps the most remarkable of all for rapidity of development is the King's Daughters, taking for the basis of its organization such a variety of subjects as to cover the entire field of social life. And beginning as it does with young children, and working upon the foundation elements of character, it has in it a degree of promise and potency that we can but faintly comprehend. But our purpose to-day is to speak, not so much upon organization in general, as upon our Home Missionary organization in particular.

The work we have undertaken to do as a Women's State Home Missionary Society is second to none in importance, but we are not doing the half we might and ought to do, for the want of a more perfect organization. We need to have all our forces concentrated, centralized, far beyond anything we have yet attained or attempted. The "Ladies' Sewing Society" is an institution so old we can hardly trace its beginning, but it is, and always has been, emphatically a Home Missionary Society, though without special recognition as such beyond its local value, except as many have yearly sent out missionary boxes. What we now propose is that each one of these societies become auxiliary to the State W. H. M. S., so that we may feel that each church all over our State is directly and intimately connected with every other in this common interest, through a centralized organization.

A reflection will, we think, make the advantage of such a course apparent. We cannot perhaps better illustrate the thought than by allusion to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The power and efficiency of that organization is well understood, but few perhaps realize how much of that power comes through its perfect organization. The Unions are Local, County, State and National. Each little Union understands that it is part of a great whole. And the presiding genius, as she sits in her home office at Evanston, Ill., is constantly giving out of her own enthusiasm and wisdom impulses that vibrate to the remotest little Union in the land. It is like the one brain and heart of our own bodies, that sends tingling through the whole to the tiniest nerve and capillary the vital throbs. There need be no shrinking or fear of such a centralized power when it is used for purposes of influence only, as in the case of the W. C. T. U. and all voluntary Christian organization.

But it is precisely this power that we, as churches, lack in our Home Missionary work. The constitution of our own State W. H. M. S. provides that any society may become auxiliary by the payment of five dollars annually into our treasury. Where is there a Ladies' Sewing Circle that cannot give that sum for the sake of coming into vital relations with the one great system, and feeling that it is part of a living body. Will you not, dear sisters everywhere, take this matter into serious, careful, prayerful consideration, and then act as we feel sure you will when once you begin to think of this subject. Your own home work for which you originally organized need not be neglected, but you want simply to enlarge the boundary of your thought in some cases, so as to overflow for the good of the needy portions of the country, "Our Country," which is to be saved or lost according to the interest we Christians take in it.

Some of our Ladies' Aid Society or Sewing Circle can do much more than give us the five dollars necessary for membership, and we believe they will. We will venture here also another suggestion; namely, that all these local societies make it a part of their constitution to receive gentlemen as honorary members upon the payment of not less than one dollar a year.

We can thus greatly increase the sum total of our contributions and add vastly to the interest of our work, to say nothing of the benefit conferred upon the gentlemen themselves. They cannot afford to be left out of the great reckoning that is

to come by and by with the faithful stewards, and yet the absorbing nature of a business life in these days puts it out of the power of most gentlemen to do anything for this great cause, except that which they contribute in money. But money given in the right spirit is treasure laid up in heaven. Come then, dear sisters, all of you, up and down our beloved State and all its breadth, from our beautiful Golden Gate to the utmost bound of the Sierras, join us in the grand onward movement for the redemption of our fair land, having for our watch-word, "California for Christ."

All communications relating to this work of organization may be addressed to our new secretary, Miss Grace E. Barnard, whose address will hereafter stand at the head of this column. We have very reluctantly parted from our loved Mrs. Eastman, who retires from active service with us by reason of dire necessity, but whose loving thought and prayers will ever follow us and who will surely have our grateful love in return.

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—IN— COUNTRY CENTERS.

Christians desirous of such meetings are referred to the letter on the subject in this issue by Mr. W. Morris Johnston, and may communicate with him at P. O. Box 41, Oakland, Cal.